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"LIBERTY, H[illegible]LINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

REV. DR BANCROFT.

[Extract from Mr Hill's Discourse, delivered at the interment of the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D. D.]

After having graduated, the Subject of this discourse was engaged for a short period in teaching the public school in Cambridge. He pursued a short course in theology with Rev. Mr Haven, the clergyman of his native town, and was licensed to preach in the autumn of the year 1779; and early in the next spring, against the advice of his clerical friends, he went on a mission of three years into Nova Scotia. This he ever regarded as an important era in his life. It gave a hue and coloring to his whole future character and course. The Province, at this period, was the scene of the wildest religious extravagance. In the unsettled state of the country, with few advantages for education, and no established ministry, the flames of fanaticism were sweeping over it; ignorance sat in the chair of instruction; and every form of excess grew without rebuke, and was excited and encouraged without restraint. Into the midst of these evils—the hoarse voices of bigotry groaning and screeching around him—he was thrown, alone, inexperienced, without advisers, without books. It was a scene in which he was compelled to be vigilant, and to act with vigor and decision; and he had nothing but the resources of his own mind with which to settle the doubts and answer the inquiries of the anxious, to check the excesses of the extravagant, and to kindle anew the smothered flames of sincere and manly devotion. And he always regarded it as a school of religious wisdom. It brought out the strength and energy of his character. It gave him that quickness of apprehension, that promptness of decision, that firmness of purpose, that untiring perseverance for which he was afterwards distinguished. And, may we not add—it gave him that early attachment to rational religion, and that unconquerable aversion to mysticism, intolerance, and bigotry, of which he afforded frequent manifestations, and which continued to the last.

On his return, in 1783, he was invited to supply the pulpit of the church in this town, then vacant in consequence of the sickness of the pastor—the Rev. Mr Macarty. The impression which he made was decided; for, the next year, the pastor being removed by death, he was again invited to preach; the impression deepened, a large body of intelligent and devoted friends gathered around him, attached no less by his clear and sound views of Christian truth and duty, than by his frank and amiable manners; and eventually, after several ineffectual attempts to procure his settlement over the town, a second parish was formed, and the first of February, 1786, he was ordained its pastor. And now a field of duty opened before him, in some respects, new, and in all respects, demanding the utmost prudence, discretion, firmness, self-possession, and devotedness. A new era had arrived in the history of our churches in the interior of New England. A portion of the Christian community had retired from the common body, and built their altar on the other side of Jordan. A new assembly was gathered to worship God in accordance with their views of faith and duty. A church was to be formed, and articles to be framed, and principles to be recognized by which it should be governed, and the great ordinances of religion administered. It was precisely the occasion which a generous mind, excited by an unquenchable thirst for religious liberty, would have craved. It presented it the rare opportunity of embodying its own best thoughts in the constitution of the new association. And with what a spirit of enlightened liberality, with what a sacred regard to the genius of Christianity, to the rights of conscience, this was done, the records of this church will shew to all coming time. Ponder this subject for a moment. Recollect, the views of the society at the period of its formation were decided. They were Arminian. They were the views of Locke, and Whitby, and Grotius—men whose learning gave authority to any opinions which they might adopt. In laying the foundation of a new society, it would have been but natural for its members,—it would have been but in accordance with the common practice, to have embodied these views in the bond of their union, and have made the profession of them, the condition of admission to Christian privileges. They might have set them forth in articles, and have excluded all from the communion and fellowship of the church, who could not subscribe them. But he, whose master mind may be traced in all the earlier transactions of the society, would sooner have been burned at the stake than have infringed a hair's breadth the rights of conscience, and have laid a burthen on his children which they could not bear. He was familiar with ecclesiastical history. He had seen the truth, sunk at one period in the darkness of midnight, gradually rising, like the sun, above surrounding mists, and growing brighter and brighter. Since the Reformation and the revival of letters, he had seen each generation advancing beyond the preceding in Christian knowledge, outgrowing its creeds, and arriving at more clear and enlarged views of truth and duty. He had seen the church agitated and rent; its peace and harmony destroyed by the endless conflict growing out of the written, established opinions, and the real opinions of its members. He believed it impossible for one generation to prescribe opinions for another, and looked upon all creeds and confessions of faith, wherever and by whomsoever imposed, as obstacles to the soul's freedom, as a snare to the conscience,—signed, they may be, for substance of doctrine, and professed when only half believed, yet leading to the worst sort of slavery, or to the worst sort of prevarication. He believed them inconsistent with the spirit of Protestantism; for, this he regarded as a declaration of religious liberty. He adopted, in his heart, the great maxim that the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the creed of Protestants; and, rejecting all others, this he wrote to be the guide of this Christian association:—'We do hereby profess our firm belief of the Holy Scriptures, contained in the Old and New Testaments, and take them as our sole and sufficient rule of faith and practice.' Few, and comprehensive words! Penned when and where they were,—at a time and in a community in which creeds and confessions were held in peculiar sanctity,—they indicate a mind singularly jealous of the rights of conscience. Few, and simple words! There let them stand at the head of the doings of this church where he placed them, and let the enlightened principles which they embody, ever regulate its proceedings. None, then, shall accuse us at the bar of God of having thrown a stumbling-block in the way of their religious improvement, by debarring them by our creed from the most hallowed rite and dearest privileges of our religion. Whatever defects else may be charged against us, it shall never be said that we have deliberately obstructed the free course of God's truth, or have warred against the sacred rights of the soul.

TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree superseding or derogating from the higher office, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put in his hand a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest, the wittiest; with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity.

You make him a denizen of all nations; a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible, but his character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity.

It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other.

There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in the habit of reading, well directed, over the whole tenor of man's character and conduct; which is not less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It civilizes the conduct of men and suffers them not to remain barbarous.—*Sir John Herschel.*

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

Much interest has been felt in the efforts of modern times to translate and circulate the Scriptures in the various languages of the earth. The number of these languages is estimated at 3000, only 80 of which are supposed to be strictly original languages, the rest being dialects. Of these 1200 are spoken in America, 278 in Africa, 545 in Europe, and 1000 in Asia, and its islands. The Scriptures are already translated into nearly 175. Among these is the English, which is spoken by nearly 50,000,000 and partially spoken by 150,000,000; Chinese which is spoken by 360,000,000; Burmese which is spoken by 15 or 20,000,000, and various others. So that probably more than one half of the inhabitants in the world could now read the Bible in their own languages if they could be furnished with it, and it is now ready to be sent.

The idea of the formation of the British and foreign Bible Society, which was organized in 1814, was first suggested by the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala. He was laboring in connexion with the Welsh Methodists, and being on a visit to London, in 1802, and feeling very greatly the need of Bibles to supply Sunday schools, proposed an association for the purpose. Such an association was formed under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was called the *Bible* Society, because its object was to distribute the simple Bible, without note or comment. *British*, because its first attention was directed to the supply of Great Britain; and *Foreign*, because it proposed, as far as its means would allow, to send the Bible in all languages to all parts of the world. And there are now (1837) more than 5000 kindred institutions, 3000 of which are in Great Britain and Ireland. The society has printed the Scriptures in 121 languages and dialects, in 72 of which they had never before been published. It is now engaged in 56 other translations. Since its establishment it has circulated nearly 10,000,000 of copies of the sacred Scriptures, and has expended nearly $10,000,000. The issues from its depositories during the years 1835–6 were at the rate of one copy every minute, and its expenditures exceeded half a million of dollars. And yet upwards of 500,000,000 of immortal beings are without the knowledge of the existence of this blessed volume.

The first Bible society in America is said to have been established in 1804, by a few Baptists in New York. A Bible was stolen from a pew in a Church; and this started the inquiry whether a person might not desire to possess the volume for the sake of reading it, who would not wait to get it honestly; and at any rate, whether there might not be a great destitution of the sacred volume. A society was formed to purchase and loan Bibles for a month at a time. Many of the public institutions were supplied on this plan. The Philadelphia Bible Society was instituted May 8, 1808, and for many years was the only source of gratuitous distribution. It had auxiliaries in several States, and acted as the centre of Bible distribution in this country, till the American Bible Society was formed in 1816, which has issued (1837) upwards of 2,000,000 of Bibles and Testaments, or parts of them, and in eleven different languages.

Bibles in the United States.—The first Bible printed on the Continent was in native Indian—the New Testament in 1661, and the Old in 1663, both by the Rev. John Eliot. They were published at Cambridge, Mass.

The second was in German, a quarto edition, published at Germantown, near Philadelphia, by Christopher Sowers, in 1776.

The first American edition of the Bible in English, was printed by Kneeland & Green, at Boston, in 1752, in small quarto, 700 or 800 copies. It was published by Hinchman, a bookseller, but to avoid a prosecution by those who had a patent from the king, they reprinted the whole title page of the English copy, including the London imprint. The next edition was by Robert Aitkin, of Philadelphia, in 1781–2.

EVANGELISM IN ENGLAND.

The following is a statement of the total receipts for the past year of some of the leading Societies for the extension of Christianity, whose anniversaries have been held recently: For Promoting Christian Knowledge, 90,363*l.*; for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 71,308*l.*; Church Missionary, 72,031*l.*; British and Foreign Bible Society, 105,255*l.*; Wesleyan Missionary Society, 84,818*l.*; London Missionary, 65,490*l.*; Baptist Missionary, 22,416*l.*; Hibernian Society, 11,702*l.*; Church Pastoral Aid, 10,423*l.* These sums, it must be remembered, are stated in *pounds sterling*. Reduced to dollars, the aggregate receipts of the nine Societies is two millions and a half. In connection with this subject, of the propagation of the gospel, another fact which we find stated in our files of English papers, may not be out of place here. The nineteenth report to the House of Commons from Her Majesty's Commissioners for building new churches, has just been printed. It is dated August the 6th, 1839. Since the Commissioners made their eighteenth report, eighteen new churches have been completed, which will afford accommodation for 16,500 persons, including 9775 free seats for the use of the poor. From the commencement of the commission, 243 churches and chapels have been completed, and provision made for accommodating 314,412 persons, including 147,270 free seats for the use of the poor.

(From the Life and Times of Sir Thomas More.)

MORE IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY—1512-1517.

After surveying men in their public stations, it is pleasing to contemplate them in the more private relations of life; to follow them to their closets, and into the bosom of their families; and to discover how those who influence the destinies of their fellow men, conduct themselves amidst the cares and duties which are common to the humble and to the exalted. Several pictures are left us of More in the midst of his household, and never was there a man who appeared there to greater advantage.

We have seen that More's professional practice, together with the legal appointment which he held in the city of London, produced him an income equivalent, according to Sir James Mackintosh, to about £5,000, in the present day. This enabled him to purchase a mansion and grounds at Chelsea, in a pleasant situation, near the borders of the Thames, and at a convenient distance from the scene of his daily duties; 'three small miles from London,' as William Rastell, his nephew, and editor of his works, is careful to inform his readers.

Erasmus, who often shared the hospitality of this mansion, describes it as 'neither mean, nor calculated to raise envy, and yet magnificent enough.'*

In some things, he kept up a degree of style; thus we learn incidentally, that when he resigned the chancellorship, he gave to his successor, my Lord Audley, 'his barge and eight watermen.'

His hospitable door stood open to all. To him might have been applied what was said of another great and good man—'methinks I see you sitting at your gate, like one of the good patriarchs of old, inviting all the weary and wayfaring to come in and be refreshed.'

He added to its conveniences, by building at the end of his garden a chapel, a library, and a gallery, known at the time as the New-building, where he passed in study and devotion whatever time he could steal from his public and private duties, and 'where he would, as much as possible, sequester himself from the world, and shake off the dust of earthly business, which so easily defiles the soul.'

He also built a chapel, or chancel, in Chelsea Church,† and furnished it with a handsome service of altar plate, observing in that half-jocose, half-prophetic manner of his—'Good men give these things, and bad men take them away.' He also provided a house at no great distance from his own, for the reception of the aged and decayed persons of his parish, to whose maintenance he consecrated a portion of his income, delegating to his favorite daughter, Margaret, the office of seeing their comforts attended to.

'There was nothing in the world,' says Rastell, 'that pleased and comforted him so much as when he would do some good deed or other to his neighbor, either by relieving him with his counsel, his good word, or by his money. Never was there any man that sought relief and help at his hands, that went not away cheerful and satisfied; and his great delight was to pacify those who were in debate, and to reconcile those at variance.' He would ramble about the obscure lanes and bye-places, giving an alms liberally according to the person's necessity. 'If a man,' he would say, 'knew for a certainty that he was to be banished into a strange country, never to return to his own again, and yet were to refuse to have his goods transported thither, fearful of wanting them for the few days he had to stay, should we not account him a madman? And yet equally are they out of their wits, who hold on to their purse, and refuse an alms for fear of wanting during their short sojournment here. Send your goods on before you go to heaven, where you shall shortly be, and shall enjoy them with interest.' He would also invite his poor neighbors to his table, and there would be merry and pleasant with them.

More's house was the constant resort of the most accomplished men of his time. His friendships were many and faithful. 'By no one,' says Erasmus, 'are friendships more readily formed, more diligently cultivated, more steadfastly retained. If he discovers any one with whom he has formed an intimacy, to be irreclaimably vicious, he gradually discontinues the intimacy; but never breaks it off in an abrupt or mortifying manner. An utter enemy to all gaming, and to all those unmeaning amusements by which the idlers of society endeavor to escape from the insupportable languor of existence, his leisure hours are spent in the conversation of a circle, throughout which his own politeness, ease and vivacity, diffuse universal good humor and gaiety. To sum up his character in one word—if the pattern of a perfect friend be required, let it be sought in More.'

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* The old mansion stood at the north end of Beaufort Row, extending westward, at the distance of about one hundred yards from the water side. Dr King, Rector of Chelsea, writing in the year 1447, says that no less than four houses have contended for the honor of Sir Thomas's residence.

† It is the south chancel, in which still remains in a perfect state the monumental inscription which he composed for himself, and in the east window were his arms in painted glass. These unfortunately disappeared some seventy or eighty years ago when the church was repaired. The taste of a Milnor, or a Britain was wanting to ensure their preservation.

[From 'Sketches of Jerusalem,' in the Metropolitan.]

JUDEA.

In the afternoon we crossed the brook Cedron, and visited the small village of Siloa, which is seated on the steep eminences that rise above the southern end of the valley of Jehoshaphat. Several mud huts and miserable habitations without roofs are scattered over the bare surface of the rocks, and among them are numerous sepulchral grottos, which are here thickly inhabited. All the rocks around Jerusalem, as has before been observed, are excavated into caverns and chambers, forming one vast ancient cemetery. These chambers, which have been long despoiled of the bones of their former occupants, and left open and neglected, are now considered fit and comfortable habitations for the living, being tenanted by various poor families, who, having no other place of residence, 'remain among the graves and lodge in the monuments.'

I entered several of these subterranean retreats, and found a quantity of dirty squalid children, rolling like a litter of young pigs on some loose straw. The receptacles and niches for coffins are used for the domestic purposes of the inmates, and on a ledge, whereon once rested a dead body was now quietly cradled a sleeping infant!

From this village, I ascended the southern acclivities of the Mount of Olives, and traversed a succession of large rugged ledges of rock, on whose arid surface not even a blade of grass, or a clump of moss, vegetated. We then crossed a wide district covered with small stones, by searching among which I picked up at almost every step numerous small fragments of ancient Mosaic pavements, exactly similar to the common pavements in the houses at Pompeii, and in ancient Roman villas. It is evident that all this stony and barren district was in times past covered with buildings and domestic habitations.

We had enjoyed a brilliant and unclouded day, and the sun was just sinking behind the lofty eminences of 'the hill country of Judea,' when we passed onward to the summit of the Mount of Olives. It was the hour of prayer—the hour when the Caliph Omar stood with the patriarch of Jerusalem in the church of the holy sepulchre on the day of the surrender of the city to the Moslems, when the voice of the muezzin was first heard, calling the 'true believers' to prayer within the walls, and announcing the triumph of the crescent over the cross.

Sunset is always the most heavenly and delicious period of the whole day in southern climates, and I had ascended the mount for the purpose of taking a farewell look at 'the city sitting solitary,' 'the virgin daughter of Zion.' We seated ourselves upon some naked rocks, and casting our eyes over the tops of some olive trees, which were thinly scattered along the sides of the declivities below, we gazed on the minarets of the mosque of Omar, and listened attentively to catch, amid the silence and tranquillity of the evening, the customary chant of the muezzins calling the faithful Moslems to the solemn, and by them almost never-neglected, duty of prayer. The musical and long-drawn chant summoning the population to withdraw their thoughts for a space from the busy and absorbing occupations of the world, heard at early morning, in the dead of the night, or at the hour of sunset, ever produces a powerful impression upon the mind of the European wanderer in eastern climes; but how much is the effect heightened when the same notes are heard loudly chanted from the towers that now rear themselves so proudly upon the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon, and when within view, and within hearing, of the place of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, 'the eternal truth and the necessary fiction' are loudly proclaimed *La i-lah i-lah Allah, Mohammet re sul Allah.* 'There is but one God, and *Mahomet* is God's apostle!'

Such is the cry that at noon and midnight, at sunrise and sunset, echoed and re-echoed from mosque and minaret, now strikes upon the ear of the stranger as he directs his footsteps in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

As I sat upon the Mount of Olives, watching the departure of the last rays of the sun from the summit of the neighboring eminences, a long train of reflections connected with the past history and present condition of this interesting country, naturally forced themselves upon my mind. In the valley of Jehoshaphat, which lay extended in the deep shade below, the Jews erected those 'sacred groves' and 'high places,' where human sacrifices were offered to Moloch, where Baalphegor was worshipped, and also 'the sun, the moon, the planets, and all the host of heaven.' The Jews, we are told, 'built them high places, and images, and groves, on every high hill, and under every green tree, and provoked the Lord to jealousy with their sins which they committed.

From a recollection of the disobedience of the Jews, and their refusal 'to walk in the ways of the Lord, and keep his commandments,' the mind is naturally led to a consideration of the fate and fortunes of the country since the Jews have been plucked 'from off the land,' and also of its present miserable condition under the iron yoke of the Moslems.

The bare and desolate aspect of the surrounding landscape from the summit of the mount of Olives, the rugged rocks, and barren shingle, without trees and without water, present a strange and striking contrast to the hasty and glowing description we meet with in sacred and profane history, of the environs of Jerusalem in ancient times, when 'rivers and streams of water made glad the city of the Lord,' and 'the waters of Shiloah flowed softly,' rejoicing, as we are told, in their tributary streams, and when gardens and groves of trees caused the city to be celebrated as 'beautiful for situation.'

What a remarkable and striking contrast does all the country now present to its ancient state, when the spice merchants frequented the markets of Palestine, and the fleets of Tyre ministered to the wants and luxuries of the people; when the city of Jerusalem possessed its mighty men of valor, 'three hundred thousand, with the captains of thousands, and Adnah the chief;' and when the king therof had 'four thousand stalls for horses and chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen!' In those times the land was covered with 'fenced cities, castles, and cities of store, and chariot cities,' which sent forth 'an army of men that bear targets and spears, out of Judah three hundred thousand, and out of Benjamin, that bear shields and draw bows, two hundred and fourscore thousand, mighty men of valor!'

In later times we have frequent testimonies to the power and population of the country. 'The single districts of Jamnia and Joppa alone,' says the geographer Strabo, 'could arm forty thousand men,' a number to the fourth of which their entire population does not now amount. In the Itineraries of Antoninus, forty-two *viæ publicæ*, or high roads, are enumerated; and Reland gives several inscriptions that were found on Roman milestones, marking the distance between different spots. The great geographical work of Claudius Ptolemæus, written about the middle of the second century, in the time of Antoninus Pius, enumerates with great precision, cities and villages that once existed in Galilee, Judea, and other parts of the country, giving their latitude and longitude; but the sites of most of them are now no longer known, and their names have perished from the memory of the present inhabitants.

In modern times, the decline of the country in population and wealth has been most extraordinary and startling. It is palpably manifest from the recollection and experience of all the aged inhabitants, but is best shown by the *defters*, or registers of imports, kept by the officers charged with the collection of the *miri*, or land tax, imposed by Sultan Selim when he conqured Palestine and Syria. These contain registries of large districts of land now waste and uncultivated, and of villages no longer in existence!

[From the Boston Weekly Magazine.]

JOHN BUNYAN.

The world will never be weary of talking and writing of this wonderful man, such a strong hold has he made for himself at once by his genius and goodness, in both the imagination and affection of his race. The question has occurred to us sometimes, and we have heard it discussed by others,—'What is the most popular book in existence?' Surely there can be but one answer given: 'Pilgrim's Progress' is the thing, beyond a doubt. Other popular books have been written, but they do not rival this. They either do not extend so universally among all classes, ages, and conditions, with a charm for each, as this has: or else, if they do thus in one age, they cease to do it in the next one, when times change and men change with them. But Bunyan holds on. He has won by the heart, and will never let go. While human nature lasts, *he* lasts, caring not a whit about tastes, fashions, laws, criticisms, or rivalry of any kind. Robinson Crusoe has had circulation, but he does not compare with the Pilgrim, and never can, any more than the Arabian Nights: and there are good reasons for it.

The spur to these remarks just now is a very interesting notice in the Boston 'Christian Review,' of a *new* '*Life*' of Bunyan, by Philip. The author would seem to have made a pretty good book, but he has certainly made some strange assertions in it. He says *his* Life is the first which has been written! What the man can mean by this nobody knows, but a gross vanity which deigns not to consider any previous attempt worthy of the name of a Life, is the only apparent explanation; for it appears by his own volume that he was familiar with and must have consulted some *dozen*, probably nearer fifty, of these same biographers in one form and another, from Bunyan's own down to Southey's and Conder's and a score more of the present day. It would indeed be singular, had 150 years past away after the '*poor Tinker's*' decease, and no Life of him come out; yet such is this man's assertion. The Reviewer uses him up altogether. He makes a complete sacrifice of him over Bunyan's remains. We applied a nickname to Bunyan above, but not disrespectfully. There was once a reproach in it, but genius and truth triumph over every thing, and the by-word of scorn had become long since a title of honor. It was when John was preaching often in London, (where we understand his grave and epitaph are still visible, in the Bunnel Fields burial-ground, the great yard of the Dissenters,) where a single day's notice would give him thousands of eager hearers, that King Charles II. upbraided the learned Dr. Owen for going to hear 'an illiterate tinker prate.' The Doctor answered, 'Please your Majesty, could I possess that tinker's ability for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning.'

But, much as they have written and said of Bunyan, there are many things about him not yet generally known. The fact is, his one great work has absorbed all interest. People care more about Pilgrim than about Bunyan himself—the mightiest triumph of his power. Hence these hundreds of Lives, memoirs and sketches, have gained but comparatively small circulation. Hence, too, his own minor works, and not *very* minor neither, have fared likewise. Who could believe that his writings extend to no less than *sixty books*;—just as many, by the way, as the years of his life; and that they fill in the London edition, two huge folio volumes. We need hardly say that these have never been republished here. 'The Works of Bunyan,' which are known on our side, are, as our Reviewer intimates, but a meagre selection. It would appear that the first edition of Pilgrim's Progress was probably issued in 1677, but not a single copy of this is now known to be extant in England. Philip suggests that if any are in existence, they will most likely be found *in America*, brought hither by some of the pious emigrants, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. We hope, with the Reviewer, that such may be the fact, and that some curious specimen of this kind may yet be discovered among us. Can our readers inform us on this point? The earliest American edition seen by the Reviewer was the sixteenth, he says, and this is now nearly a century old. It was 'printed by *John Draper for Charles Harrison*, over against the *Brazen Head in Cornhill, Boston, N. E.* 1744.'

We have ourselves examined the seventeenth, printed during the same year by the same man, also 'in Cornhill for Thomas Draper.' The wood cuts are a notable curiosity, as may be supposed. We have also seen, some years ago, a copy of the *fifty-seventh edition*, (which we are pretty sure it was) dated only some twenty or twenty-five years later than those above mentioned, and some time before the revolution. This copy has since escaped us. It showed a popularity in the work which the world has seen nothing like.

Philip undertakes to give some account of the various versions abroad. Dr Southey says there is no European language into which it is not translated, though the French and Portuguese have been a little altered, to suit the Catholic church. In a book as old as Doe's 'Life,' it appears that one hundred thousand copies of the work had then been circulated in England, besides editions in Welsh. In several cases it has been republished, with the language *improved*. Three versifications of the whole of it have been issued. The illustrated editions are numerous. The strangest experiment tried upon it, however, is mentioned by Southey. This was in translating it into other words, altering the names, and publishing it under the title of the Progress of the Pilgrim, without any intimation that this imitation is not an original work. In this edition Evangelist is called Good-News; Worldly Wiseman, Mr Politic Worldly; Legality, Mr Lawdo; the Interpreter, Director; the Palace Beautiful, Grace's Hall; Vanity town is Mundus; the Giant is Giant Desperation of Diffident Castle: and the prisoners released from it, instead of Mr Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid, are one Much-cast-down, and his kinsman Almost-overcome. 'This would appear,' adds Dr. Southey, 'to have been merely the device of some knavish bookseller for evading the laws which protect literary property; but the person employed in disguising the stolen goods must have been a Roman Catholic for he has omitted all notice of Giant Pope, and Fidelius suffers martyrdom by being hanged, drawn, and quartered. The dialogues are much curtailed, and the book, as might be expected, very much worsened throughout; except that better verses are inserted.'

Speaking of the relics of Bunyan, it would seem that a doubt exists where he was buried, though his tomb appears in Bunnel-Hill Fields, London, as all our late travellers describe it. His cottage at Elstow still remains, and the old woman who occupies it shows where his forge was. The beams of the old building have been almost cut away, as presents to strangers. At Bedford, his church-book is preserved, and a small cabinet, and a *staff*. The last is particularly valued. In the public library at Bristol is a Concordance of Bunyan's, with his autograph in it, several times repeated. Pieces of his original pulpit also exist. Mr Philip says he has one himself. When it was broken up, it is said Howard, the philanthropist, gave thirty pounds for it, besides forty pounds for a new one. One gentleman has a small table made out of it, on which he occasionally places a beautiful pint-cup, also Bunyan's, and said to have been used to bring down his broth-dinner in the vestry on Sundays.

On another point of interest, Philip says:—'I have been unable to identify the spot in the lilied Ouse, where Bunyan was baptized. It may have been the well known spot, where his successors administered baptism, until a baptistry was introduced into his chapel. The old table over that baptistry is an extraordinary piece of furniture, which for size and strength might have been the banquet-table of a baronial hall. It is evidently older than even the original chapel.'

It is remarkable that none of Bunyan's descendants are now known in England: nor have we ever heard of them in the United States.

B. B. T.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PARTY SPIRIT. A Sermon delivered at Portsmouth, N. H. on the day of the Annual Fast, April 4, 1839, by Andrew P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church and Parish.

(*Continued.*)

Let me now advert to some of the evils necessarily flowing from this intensely acrimonious party spirit. One of these evils is official corruption and fraud. There is much in party spirit, that necessarily engenders a low standard of official integrity and fidelity. When two parties are pitched over against each other, camp against camp, in battle array, the party in power will be led by the instinct of self-preservation to create and keep a numerous strongly pledged and strictly organized militia of office holders. The battles of the party can be successfully fought in no other way. This state of things at the same time, renders it difficult to fill all government offices with competent and faithful men. A man, already successfully engaged, or possessed of talents, which will insure success, in any professional walk or department of business, cannot afford to take an office on the precarious tenure of executive favor. Men of sober, quiet habits, also, who have been accustomed to look upon a good name as among the first of blessings, will generally be unwilling to incur the reproach and obloquy, the wanton slander and abuse, the exposure of all the secrets of private and domestic life, which he, who, in a season of high party excitement, would fill any important office, must face and bear. These things strike off from the list of candidates for office a host of capable and worthy men, who would stand as candidates, if an honest and skilful discharge of official duty would secure for them an unspotted fame, and a tenure of office to be vacated only by incapacity or fraud. And then, when parties are strongly excited against each other, and are on the watch to make the most of each other's lapses, the party in power, if official misconduct or fraud occurs, cannot afford to meet the odium which will be cast upon them for it, and they therefore, either hush the matter up secretly, or else postpone the exposure till after one election, and then till after another, till at last a public discovery becomes inevitable. But were there a larger infusion of candor and generosity in the feelings of the parties towards each other, then the party in power would not be afraid or ashamed to confess frankly where its confidence had been misplaced, and to keep the public constantly informed of the actual condition of the affairs of government.

Another great evil necessarily flowing from the present state of party hostility is, that neither party can afford to incur even a brief unpopularity for the sake of principle; and that on the other hand, there must needs be frequent cases, in which the opposite parties will seek to outvie each other in making the most of some topic of temporary excitement, and will thus push each other and the country into difficulty and peril. A case in point has just occurred. We have been brought most fearfully near the horrors and woes of a needless and wicked war. We have seen both parties in the legislature of Maine and in Congress almost unanimously breathing a spirit of bravado, and passing resolutions which placed the state and country in a hostile attitude. And yet it is generally admitted that neither party was actually desirous of pushing this controversy to so sudden an extremity. How happened it then? If either party had uttered a word of concession or compromise, the other would have raised the cry of *Treason*. And so both parties adopted the opposite course of striving to outsay and outdo each other in vindication of our undoubted rights, until they had fairly driven each other into a warlike attitude. And then the party, which had opposed our last war with Great Britain, had lost so much by it in point of numerical strength, that neither party now felt strong enough to risk its popularity by being the first to fall back upon pacific ground.

Another evil flowing from the intensity of party strife, (as has been already hinted in another connexion,) is, that, by making our state and municipal elections mere partizan struggles, it tends to keep out of sight the question of qualification for offices of trust and power, and to put the warmest partizan, instead of the best qualified man into each particular office. Take for instance the gubernatorial office in this state. What are the governor's duties? Few and simple indeed; but some of them of great moment. The appointing power is a more weighty trust than is commonly supposed. How many precious rights are put at stake in the filling of a vacancy in the judiciary department! How much wretchedness, how many sighs and tears unpitied but by heaven; how much unrighteous suffering may flow from the appointment of an arbitrary, unfeeling man to the office of sheriff! And how many are the occasions on which a man of humane and sympathetic feelings in that same office may relieve and soothe, by softening the rigors, without violating the intent or spirit of the law! But the right exercise of this appointing power, on which so much depends, would demand a man of great knowledge of human nature, deep insight into character, and mature discretion.—Then again, our governor has in his hands the pardoning power,—the power, as it sometimes is, of life and death. It is the only mandate, that can strike off the fetters of the deeply penitent and radically reformed criminal, or from him, who has been more unfortunate than guilty in incurring the sentence of the law. The yet recent instance within our borders, in which an insane homicide was given up to be hung at the bidding of a mob, ought to bring home to us the dread importance, which must needs attach to this function of the chief magistracy. And who is fitted thus to stand in heaven's place to our guilty fellow-citizens, to give mercy its widest scope, and yet to preserve, inviolate, the majesty of law and the sanctity of justice,—who I say, is sufficient for these things, but one who unites sound judgment with fervent charity, a cool head with a warm heart, patience in investigation with energy in action, forbearance with firmness? Now I say not a word of past or present incumbents or candidates. I know not what their qualifications are. But I would ask, whether, in the vehemence of party feeling, the necessity of these qualifications is not utterly overlooked. Would not the inquiry, whether the candidate possesses them, sound unfamiliar and puritanical? Does the question occur to those who nominate, or to more than an insignificant minority of the voters? In a convention for nominating a candidate, is it ever asked, what member of the party would exercise these momentous functions the most discreetly and the most conscientiously? Is not the question rather, who will carry the most votes? I leave it to those who know better than I do, to answer, and if I am in error, shall be most happy to acknowledge it. But you must all see that the necessary tendency of this vehement party spirit, is to make fidelity to the party the only passport to official rank.

But even did none of these evils flow from the intensity of party conflict, there still would remain the immense drain upon time, energy and resources, which the conflict makes. It is the Aaron's rod, which swallows up all other rods. No cause of charity or philanthropy can thrive in its neighborhood. The great interests of the community are left unheeded. The annual struggle for mastery calls for all the strength of the community, and, after being in a state of spasmodic excitement and effort for three months in the year, it demands the whole of the remaining time to refresh itself for a new onslaught. Why is it that our state and town are so torpid on the subject of popular education, when the word has been given to all our neighbors that they go forward? Simply because the struggle for political ascendency has thrown this, the people's great right and privilege, into the back-ground. There is no time to think of it,—no energy to spare upon it. For the same reason is the cause of temperance at a stand, because the greater part of those who should take a lead in moral reform, feel bound to devote to partizan strife all the time and strength, that they can give to public objects. It is for the same reason, that the wheels of every good cause drag so heavily; that our jails are neglected, the interests of our seamen left solely to female charity, our abounding vices unchecked, our public institutions so few and so poorly endowed. Is it not a fact that our elections cost more every year than all our charities, and that they demand and consume many times over the time that is spent in visiting the fatherless and the widow, the poor and the prisoner, and in watching over the great interests of knowledge, virtue and piety? Christians, the balance should not be suffered to remain thus, if you indeed believe that the kingdom of God is first to be sought. It seems as if we lived for the sake of being governed, instead of being governed in order to live quietly and peaceably. But government is a *means* not an *end*. It is a means to the enjoyment of property, of fair fame, of opportunities of improvement, and of domestic and social peace. But when, for the sake of being governed to our minds, we sacrifice pecuniary interest, make our characters a foot-ball, deprive ourselves and our children of the means of progress, and break up the peace and harmony of our neighborhoods and families, it is not patriotism,—it is madness, infatuation. For if you yield up the *end* for the attainment of the *means*, what good can the means do you? This is precisely the condition of our country at the present time. We are sacrificing the *end* to the *means*. We are giving up the *benefits* of freedom for our peculiar interpretations of the name. And, while we boast ourselves the freest people upon earth, there is hardly a nation in Europe, in which property, character and life are not safer than with us, and the individual more at liberty to pursue his own ends in his own way.

(*To be Continued.*)

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Nov. 8th, 1839.—Chevalier, the author of a work, upon the society, manners, and politics, of the United States—so popular, that it has already passed through three Paris editions, and has been recently translated into the English tongue—concludes some allusions to the general suspension of business and amusement among us, upon the Sabbath, with the following remark. 'Nothing therefore, can be more melancholy than the seventh day, in this country,—after such a Sunday, the labor of Monday is delightful pastime.' It could hardly be expected that even so candid and liberal a critic, as he of whom we are speaking—should at all appreciate the advantages or the enjoyments of our day of rest, when we remember that the said critic is a Frenchman, but the assertion will hardly strike the mind of an American, the more pleasantly—that it proceeds from a foreigner. It will call forth many an earnest protestation, many an indignant refutal—and the New Englander in particular, would be quite as likely to believe that his annual Thanksgiving was not a day of festival and frolic, as that the recreations of his Sabbath were not the subject of his week-day preparation, and anticipated with an eagerness which gives a new zest to his daily labor. In the country, or in the town, it is alike a season of calm and unvarying pleasure. The farmer rises at the same hour as on other days, but his peculiar cleanliness and a somewhat extraordinary attention to his toilet, first remind his guest, that this is the day which he 'delighteth to honor.' There is an unusual silence in the house—his men are sitting down, with their Bibles or the last newspaper—a paper most frequently of a devotional character—spread out upon their laps. The first breaking of the sunlight, over the eastern hills, gilds with a softer beauty, the tall forests in the distance—or glimmers with a more calm brilliancy, upon the surface of the silvery river—than upon other days, when the freshest and most romantic stream, serves only to supply the mill, and the cool woods, echo to the stroke of the falling axe. The breakfast table is loaded with the bounties of the season, and if no audible voice, sends up the few words of thankfulness to the Creator—we see in the reverent decorum with which the farmer and his family, place themselves at table, the all pervading influence of a grateful spirit. The meal is despatched, without the noisy bustle, which attends it on less favored days, and while the housewife or an attendant quietly removes the cloth—the younger children, cluster together on the carpet, to give the parting glance to their Catechism or their hymn,—the elder retire to prepare themselves for their classes, and we perhaps, steal out to the warm air and life-inspiring sunshine, to thank God, that we are allowed to look upon another Sabbath. Oh! how much brighter, dearer, holier, is Nature herself, upon a day like this!—there is no noise of vehicles upon the road, no merry voices uplifting themselves in the neighboring fields—no loungers to be seen in the half open doorway of the neatest farmhouse—the winds have hushed their commotion, the tall trees worship motionless, and even the violets and the mallow, look up to the clear sky, while the dew trembles with a new grace upon their softly shaded petals, and a fresher, sweeter fragance is breathed up, from their pure bosoms. Suddenly, the distant chiming of the village bell, calls forth the little ones, and hand in hand, with smiling faces, and ever and anon a half indecorous gambol—they wind along the grassy road, eager to clasp again with brightening eyes, the hand of their affectionate pastor, or to welcome with dimpling cheek, the pressure of their dear-loved Teacher's lips. The hour devoted to these unfolding spirits, is quickly passed, and the church fills with maturer forms,—the foot which falls heavily responsive, to the shrill whistle of the teamster, as he encourages his lazy oxen, is still as that of the slippered Circassian, when the hardy laborer uncovers his head beneath the sacred roof—lips which are parched by daily exposure to the air and sun, moved by the promptings of quick beating hearts, break forth into songs of praise and are hushed again,—like the waves of Gennesareth, by the voice of inspiration. The dinner which follows close upon the first service, is generally cold,—for the housewife, who will not stay at home from church to prepare her own meal, would hardly feel justified in requiring the assistance of a youthful domestic, who might be benefitted, by the pastor's instructions; and, as the intermission is short, it is hardly over, before the solemn peal of the bell, echoes along the rocky-hill side, and softly whispered by the green valleys, calls her once more to the worship of her God. The second service is frequently followed by an exposition of a chapter from the Scriptures, to which all are invited to remain, but which is particularly intended for those, who are unconsciously blending in their own persons, the simplicity and purity of childhood, with the newly awakening hopes, the freshly opening vistas of maturity. Evening comes on—how lovely is the sunset radiance which fills the western sky, gleaming through the wavy masses of foliage, and shrouding the very zenith, in crimson mists! Many an admiring glance does it attract, from those who have gathered about the farmer's tea-table, and many a little one waits restlessly for the conclusion of the meal, that she may climb to the window, and gaze till her aching eyes involuntarily close, upon the sublimest revelations of her God! And then comes the evening hymn, the gathering of the family circle—the relation of the day's experience—or of a few stories strongly bearing upon practical principles—for the edification of its younger members—and then a Psalm or a chapter from the Gospels, and all is still about the farmhouse, save the flooding moonlight which seems to live and move and have a being! It is the Sabbath night! Can this, the only, the cherished interruption of the duties, the monotonous labors of the week, seem other than a day of calm enjoyment, of rational rest? To come back to our own blessed home, to the city of our pride, to the Athens of America—a city, which worships not, like its great prototype of old—*an unknown God!* Does not the morning here too, break with a charm that is all its own? Is the sunshine ever so glad, or the western breeze so soft, as on the early, summer Sabbath? The very clouds in the blue heaven, and the leaves upon the trees, seem to dance in unison with the happy hearts of the teacher and the pupil, as they wend their way to the Sabbath school! And does that hour,—an hour which can never be made too pregnant with interest—an hour which ever seems too short—bring with it no conscious flush of delight! Perfect contentment is quiet in its nature, it does not burst forth in the merry laugh, the frolicsome romp, or the light and buoyant bound—and one would think that it had spread its mantle over our favored city, so still, so sacred in the morning light, lie the haunts of business. The Exchange, the bank, the insurance office, the custom house and the wharf, aye! every thing from the city hall to the huckster's candy stall, is deserted and alone. The thousands which throng them, during the week, have left them for the house of God, and the stray passer-by is self-rebuked. The air reverberates with the mingled cadences of many bells, all but *he*, have obeyed the answering impulse within them and he dares no longer delay. The words of inspiration have fallen upon our ears—the voice of the preacher has reached our hearts, and pondering deeply upon man's duty and man's destiny, we have allowed ourselves to be drawn away with the crowd, scarcely conscious whither, till a hum as of multitudes startles us, and we rouse ourselves from our reverie. We are in our own mall—we are breathing the fresh air, as it is wafted across the bay—we are looking up to heaven sighing to be alone—with Nature and its God—alive to the influences of the day. But is this all? Oh no! the worshippers of Fashion are about us, and if the language of smiles and bows, of courtesies and coquetries, is a written tongue, their god is not an 'unknown god,' their altar is at the corners of the streets! We cannot but feel that the day is desecrated—look up! Chevalier, and although 'cards and dice, billiards and backgammon' are interdicted to our sober people—you might almost fancy yourself in the gardens of your own Tuilleries, so very French are the manners and the dress, the hats, shawls, nay! even the very slippers of the throng into which we have so unwittingly intruded. Surely, that bright young girl, who is numbering her fingers so eagerly is enumerating her imaginary conquests, and the dark haired foreigner who is listening to her, has forgotten the appropriate lesson, of this morning's pulpit? But enough of this—if the sun were not very insensible, it would hide its face, in the eastern mists, and shadow the brazen countenances of some who seem unconscious, that in a scene like this, there is aught which might give an American pain—let us turn from this single cloud in our Sabbath sky, to its fairer and brighter depths. The evening meal has been partaken—the sun gives promise of a long twilight hour—and the working class—the mechanics, the day laborers, with their wives and children, have come up from the dark, and narrow streets of the city, to inhale the cool, refreshing breeze, and to forget, what they too often think, the drudgery of their continued existence. Our exquisites have forsaken their fascinating parade, yet we rejoice to see that it can be crowded with a nobler, a far more useful class—it does one's heart good to look round, and the brow which was contracted with pain in the morning, is relaxed and smooth. See how soberly, yet how pleasantly, this dense crowd rolls on—not an imprecation, not a vulgar ejaculation nor an offensive epithet falls upon the ear—each is absorbed in his own contemplations, and it is surprising that so little of the deep satisfaction of the pedestrians, should find expression! The children are gambolling upon the green turf, or rolling down the graceful slopes, but even *their* mirthfulness is subdued, and as the evening star steals out, and the heavens yet glow wih a reflected brilliancy we cannot but sympathize with the happy beings who yet linger in the open air. Here is an Irishwoman, with her clean and stiffly starched cap—she wears no bonnet—but her eye is not bent upon the extremity of a new parasol, or of her neighbor's highly polished boot, no! it is upward, and thus it is with the crowd—we stand aside, and let it pass—thanking God that our *people*, are yet natural and unconstrained—hoping that it will never become an aristocracy. Look round—and the vast area that was so lately filled, is solitary! In returning to our own homes, we pass through the quiet streets—at every step, we hear through the open windows, a voice, most frequently a woman's voice, reading from the Scriptures, which have been her study throughout the day. A group of colored children, are sitting upon the threshold of one door, repeating to each other the instructions of their several Sabbath teachers, while nearly opposite, an elderly widow is sitting at the open casement, where she has been reading. She has turned down the leaf, that she may be enabled to refer to the text, and while she ponders upon its sacred truths, her folded hands rest upon the broad covers of the Bible. Aye! and in many a splendid mansion, where the crimson curtains are drawn close, and the full light of the chandelier falls upon the glowing countenances of a youthful circle, childhood and old age, and maturity, are listening with delight to passages from the same holy volume—and the father, the successful merchant, the lucky speculator, the much caring, much enduring man of business, sighs as he hears how hardly the rich man shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, stroking the golden locks of the fair daughter who is expounding the word of God to the younger children, and caressing the babe which he is fondling upon his knee. This is the Sabbath, and who dares say, that it has passed heavily away, who will confess that its return is not anticipated with pleasure—who will *not* say, that if it is ever greeted with a sigh, it is but because it marks the passage of another week—of a thousand other of

'Those bright occasions of dispensing good,
So seldom used, so little understood!'

C. W. H.

THE LOSS OF MY MOTHER.—My friend! God knocks with an iron hammer at our hearts, and we are duller than stones if we do not feel it, and madder than mad if we think it shame to cast ourselves into the dust before the All-powerful, and let our whole, so highly miserable self, be annihilated in the sentiment of his infinite greatness and long suffering. * * * This death of my mother, the pure, royal poet, and martyr spirit, who for eight years, had lain continually on a sick-bed, and suffered unspeakable things, affected me (much as for her sake I could not but wish it) with altogether agonizing feelings. Ah! friend, how heavy do my youthful faults lie on me. How much would I give that I might disburthen my heavy-laden heart with tears of repentance. My beloved friend, give thou no grief to thy parents. Ah! no earthly voice can wake the dead. God and parents—that is the first concern—all else is secondary. 'This affection for his mother,' says his reviewer, 'forms, as it were a little island of light and verdure in Werner's history, where, amid so much that is dark and desolate, one feels it pleasant to linger.—*Werner.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 23, 1839.

THE EDITOR'S NAME.

It is now nearly eight months since we commenced our editorial labors. We have been frequently asked why we did not give our name? When we *took the chair* we knew nothing of the pleasures of *publicity*, nor had we any desire to taste them. And we did not suppose a name of any *importance*. Nor do we think so now—but that it is a matter of some *convenience* to have one. At the suggestion therefore of some friends—with the advice and consent of our own judgment, we have concluded to let it appear in its proper place. And subscribe ourself, indulgent readers and patrons,

Respectfully yours,

RUFUS A. JOHNSON.

MR NORTON'S DISCOURSE.

We do not understand Mr Norton as insisting that miracles are the only *evidence*—but the only sufficient, decisive *proof* of a Revelation. If Jesus was gifted, illumined and inspired, as all Christians suppose that he was—there must have been *evidence* of this fact, in the ordinary exhibitions of his character, in his deeds, words and appearance. All the demonstrations of the spiritual beauty, power and greatness, within him, must have borne evidence that he came from God, and held intimate relations and communion with him. A great man discovers his superiority, not only in a few remarkable acts, but in all he says and does. In every relation he gives evidence that he lives and has his being in a higher sphere. All about him feel the impression of his greatness. It was so in the case of Jesus. His word was with power. His whole appearance was peculiar. There was something vast and infinite in his air. All about him felt convinced that he was not of them and far above them. There was a divinity about him, they could not resist. They heard voices from on high saying, this is my beloved son. They saw emblems of divine grace and love descending upon him. They *felt* that he was the beloved of heaven—that God was with him, in him, and streamed through him. They beheld his glory and acknowledged that he was full of grace and truth. While on his last journey to Jerusalem, the people *feared* —so peculiar and superhuman was his influence upon them. The soldiers, sent to apprehend him, fall prostrate before the Godlike impression of his presence. Pilate was affected and embarrassed by the singular impression of his appearance and character. A simple look from him overwhelmed Peter's frail heart. It was the look of an injured Divinity. The history of his life has the same effect. While reading it we *feel* that there is an incomprehensible grandeur about him, that he stands apart from every other being, that has ever appeared on earth. We doubt not that this mere sentiment, cherished and deepened by daily, devout contemplation, abundantly satisfies thousands of good Christians. And we suspect that sceptics, after they have refuted, as they imagine, every *argument* in favor of the divine origin of Christ, do not generally succeed in throwing off this impression. We know from their own confession, that some have not been able to do it. It seems from Christ's last prayers that he relied on the supernatural results of his religion, to convince the world from whence it came. He prays that his followers may all be one, that the world may believe he was sent from God.

But conceding to this moral evidence, all the force its strongest advocates claim for it—still it affords only probability—it is not proof. Circumstantial evidence must ever leave room for doubt. The claim of Revelation *cannot* be sustained except based on *facts*, that *unequivocally* demonstrate the presence and power of God. These must be works, that none except him could perform, that bear indelibly his seal and superscription, that are *absolutely* beyond human agency.

But it is said there are moral, as well as physical miracles. We do not deny it. But so poorly are we acquainted with the moral capacities of our nature and the moral laws of the Universe, that we cannot determine when they are surpassed, when suspended, or when violated. We know not how far the unaided force of nature may go, the depth, extent, amount of man's spiritual energies—what attainments he may make in moral beauty, excellence, greatness, to what imposing, sublime heights he may ascend. We are far from being certain that Socrates, Alfred and Washington were not miraculously nurtured and assisted. Perhaps such are sent in every age, to every people. When a great work is to be done, or a new energy infused into the waning life of the world, such elect individuals are raised up and endued with wisdom and power from on high. Their influence is deep, vast, almost irresistible. Ordinary humanity, bends and yields before them, but without degradation.

The humility they inspire is exalting. They reign on earth—are its real rulers and monarchs. They establish an everlasting empire. People wonder at them, persecute them, rebel against them. And yet revere and submit to them. They cannot resist the singular and superior impression made upon them. It is quite probable that the character of these persons, has been miraculously developed and formed. They have a certain, dim consciousness of it. They feel that their position in the world is peculiar, that they have an extraordinary destiny to accomplish. But we do not ascribe to them a divine authority, simply because they wrought no miracle. Their mission was not *proved* and was not designed to be proved. It was not expressed in language which mortal eyes can read with certainty. They could not *certify* this commission to themselves or others. Man's spiritual discernment is not sufficiently clear, precise and penetrating. He is too poorly acquainted with the moral system with which he is connected. He wants and must have infallible signs addressed to the senses. Accordingly, when God sent one into the world, to act upon it with a peculiar, *divine* authority, he enabled him to perform, or in intimate connexion with him, wrought *miracles*. They are the corner stone of the structure on which rests his throne—a throne, which is not only unrivalled in its brightness and elevation—*but has a character of its own.* We said the contemplation of Christ's character might abundantly satisfy many good Christians. But we can judge in this case with little confidence. We must allow much to education and association. From our earliest consciousness, Jesus has stood before us in a peculiar, *commanding* attitude. We were taught in infancy to lisp his name with the deference, due to a messenger from heaven. We have ever viewed him in an *unearthly* light. He is connected with every thought, sentiment and principle of our minds as no other being is. We have derived our characters from a community, in which Christ has held this position, and his hand, glowing with divinity has ever been upon us.

We are therefore very incapable of judging what particular fact or view has done most to satisfy us of his divine origin. It was our first, deepest impression. The conviction has grown with our growth. It is rooted in, and has sent its influence through our whole nature. We know not what we are about, therefore, when we undertake to determine, positively, what particular argument or aspect has had most force with us. We might as well tell what consideration convinced us of the propriety of loving our mothers or country. *We* may, undoubtedly, embrace Christianity in its assumed character without much thought of the miracles, and talk loftily about perceptions, intuitions, adaptations to the soul's wants and aspirations. It is very easy to talk wisely about a thing once done, or a discovery once made. It is very easy to talk about the solar system. Some of us may even imagine, that we did not need the help of Newton, to tell us how the matter is managed. It is perfectly plain to the dullest capacity. Reason and intuition are sufficient. What more natural than that the earth should revolve on its axis. Do not the succession of day and night clearly indicate it? During the hours of light the earth *of course* is turned towards the sun, the fountain of light—then the spreading darkness tells, unequivocally, that its position is changed. None can doubt it has revolved. As to the obliquity of its axis—do not the vicissitudes of the seasons, demonstrate it? In regard also to the place occupied by the sun—what more natural than that he should be in the centre? His bulk entitles him to the distinction—from hence too he can most conveniently distribute, his comfortable and *somewhat* important influences. And then it is most *evident* that some powerful element should be diffused through the system. What else could keep the mechanism in operation and hold in their orbs those silly worlds, which like prodigal sons, have a strong propensity to wander into far countries.

Truly we cannot see why Newton should be so praised. We *acknowledge* he was a *pretty* sensible man, *perhaps* of more than ordinary ability, and understood figures remarkably well *for that age.* But then it has been many years since. Science has made great progress. Our school children *now* understand these things perfectly. It is the same in morals. The moral ideas and sentiments we cherish, we call intuitions. When in fact they are the production of the thought, observation and experience of all past generations. They have been forming, defining, expanding, brightening ever since Adam was driven from the Garden. The germs or susceptibilities, it is true, are within us. But their force, precision and developement are the result of sufferings, strivings, trials, reflection continued through all past ages. And we call them *intuitions.* We light our candle, and cover up the fire—shut our blinds in scorn upon the holy stars, the glowing skies, and the meek satellite which continues to shed upon us the light, supplied by that most beneficent and glorious orb, now sunk beneath the *visible* horizon.

In the same way some among us speak of Christianity. It is covered all over, they say, with the signatures of its divine origin. They feel not the least need of miracles to prove what is so evident. But are they certain that were it not for its connexion with miracles, it would not impress them very differently? Miracles have diffused a supernaturalness through every part, feature, relation. They have so enthroned it in our thoughts and regards. It has so come upon us and so shed its influence over us ever since we heard the precious name, breathed in the gentle accents of maternal love. How improper then, to say the least, is it in us to exclaim, in fond arrogance, *we want not miracles.* What first gave Christianity this position and supremacy in the world? Can any one believe that if Christ had not wrought miracles, especially had it not been for that great miracle, his own resurrection, Christianity would have done what it has done, infused a new life into, and changed the history of the world? Would it have baffled the power and revolutionized the institutions of Rome? Would it have ascended the imperial seat of the Cæsars and bound the nations by its decrees? Would martyrs have bled and burned in perfect reliance on its promises, and confidence in its authority? Would missionaries expose themselves to the perils of strange seas and savage lands, to spread its truths? We might put many questions of a similar kind, but it is not necessary. It seems to us that none can believe that the history of Christianity would have been what it is, had not Jesus wrought miracles. How powerless have been the systems of the greatest men, the teachings of human reason and wisdom? Christianity owes the singular power it has wielded to its miraculousness. Take away this feature and it soon becomes as impotent as Platonism. It owes its position in the world to its miracles. It needs them to preserve this position. Remove them and it soon descends—mingles and mixes with the other, and higher productions of humanity. To produce its designed effects it must be preached with authority—and the *basis* of this authority is miracles—the only decisive *proof* of a Revelation.

PARTY SPIRIT.

When commending the sentiments of the sermon on this subject, we had not particularly in view what it says about voting. All the author means, we suppose, is that clergymen, to preserve their healing influence unimpaired, should keep aloof from politics in times of high party excitement. They should not connect themselves and the interests of religion and her institutions with the fortunes of particular measures or men. The cause of truth and God, should not be hazarded for the sake of political opinions or parties. We agree with him. In most of the fierce excitements, that pervade the land, the questions at issue are not of vast and permanent importance. In many instances they are nothing more than the instruments for raising a tide of passion, on which ambitious individuals may ride into office. Certainly *they* are not to be weighed with the righteousness of God—the power and progress of Christ's kingdom. The objects aimed at, are of very doubtful utility—the results of the favorite measures extremely questionable. And after the conflict has passed, the smoke and storm-clouds dispersed, the real diversity will probably appear small. It was nothing but prejudice, falsehood and excitement that gave it *great* importance. On looking back people will wonder what it was, that so affected and inflamed them. They will blush with shame, and call on oblivion to throw its mantle over the scene. And when their children ask them what it meant, they will sigh and keep silence. For the clergy therefore, to bring into jeopardy the holiest and chief interest of man and society in pursuit of such things, is unwise, is

wrong, is sinful. And we do not apprehend there is the least danger of their doing it. They are sufficiently sensitive on this subject. Let them stand apart and proclaim day and night, from their pulpits and in their walks and visitations, Sirs, ye are brethren—do no wrong one to another, be not suspicious—hope all things—cherish the most generous affections—drive these foul spirits from your bosoms—sacrifice not your best, happiest, divinest, moral treasures—the purest, richest attribute of the soul in these earthy encounters and struggles. But generally, we think, the clergy *ought* to take some part in politics. They should thoroughly inform themselves in regard to the various subjects. They should discover on all proper occasions, that the welfare and honor of the country hold a select place in their affections. They should endeavor to exert an intelligent influence among their friends and neighbors. People should see that piety and patriotism can mingle in beautiful fellowship. Ministers should show that they feel lively and profound sympathy in all the fortunes and prospects of the country—that they duly appreciate those rights and privileges, which have been bought with so much suffering and precious blood. It will not injure the effects of their pulpit ministrations. It will increase them. Men will suspect *his* love of God, who has little for his native land. And he who does not sympathize with them in matters of near and direct importance, will not excite their sympathies in relation to those objects that come within his professional sphere. And he will not lead them to brighter worlds, who manifests little concern for their welfare in the present world. They will think him cold and heartless, more of a priest than a man. They will be liable to suspect that much of what he says, with *apparent* feeling, is mere cant and pretension. Ministers too, should vote. On the polls depend the destinies of the nation and the cause of freedom through the world. It certainly should be regretted if the more enlightened and religious keep away from them. All possible moral dignity ought to be thrown around them. All should see that the privilege is valued by those most capable of estimating it aright. The purest and greatest, should be seen approaching them, on all occasions, with the air and bearing of men in the conscious discharge of a high and sacred duty.

We are not quite certain that in publishing the whole of the discourse we are not transgressing the conditions on which it was given. It may be, that extracts were to be made from it. It is sometime since, and we have forgotten precisely what was said on receiving it. But we think it all useful, and have found nothing we were willing to omit. If we have done more than was expected, we trust the author will excuse us.

THE SMITHSONIAN BEQUEST.

On Thursday evening of last week, we listened, with great interest and pleasure, to a lecture on this subject by Ex-President Adams. But we confess the man withdrew some of our thoughts from the discourse. We could not look upon him without mingled and deep emotions. Few more remarkable and distinguished men are now living. How long has he acted an important part in the affairs of men! How long has he looked, from an elevated place, on the great movements of the civilized world! How extensive has been his intercourse, how intimate his connexions with the makers and managers of human destinies! Through what variedand wonderful scenes has he passed! A great portion of his life is already history. Thrones he has seen totter and fall—dynasties tumble into ruins—kingdoms subverted—empires overthrown. A world-revolution has passed before him—Cæsar's have risen, set on fire, frightened and convulsed the nations, and fallen like Lucifer. A great portion of the most conspicuous actors, that now fix the attention of men, have been born since he commenced his career. Still he is green, fresh and vigorous. His natural force appears not in the least abated—his faculties and energies as quick, as elastic, as powerful as ever. Endowed with strong and somewhat peculiar moral and intellectual elements, in all circumstances and situations, he has maintained unimpaired his individuality. No influences seem to have been able, in the least, to mould or modify them. The might of the inner man has every where prevailed. Most faithfully has he obeyed the tendencies of his peculiar temperament.

There is not a more original man in the country, and in a high sense not a more honest one. He has in all cases acted out himself. Parties, combinations, threats, promises, friends, foes cannot control him. He is a true descendant of the pilgrims. No where on earth could such a character have been produced, except where their principles and spirit are most alive and strong. He is a manifestation of their most striking characteristics. He was baptized on the rock of Plymouth. After filling the highest office in the gift of a free people, he thinks it no condescension to lecture before an association of apprentices. Is not this disposition truly republican? Is it not truly Christian? He that would be great, let him serve! The most useful stands highest in the kingdom of God. To do good is the true glory. It is said by some that in so doing he injures his dignity! But what sort of dignity is that which can be injured by benefitting the community? The less, we should suppose, one has of it, the better. A great man never appears so truly great as when he exerts *every* means within his reach to improve society. If he cannot wield a sceptre, let him carry a vote. If he cannot address listening senates, let him speak the words of truth to his neighbors. If he cannot guide the affairs of the nation, let him direct those of his village. And every atom he adds to the general good makes him greater—more godlike. A true, noble man may confer dignity on the humblest, but can receive none from the highest place. We suspect Mr Adams's idea of true dignity is infinitely superior to that of those who criticise his course. Every one that listened to this lecture must have felt convinced that he cherishes a lively and profound regard for the honor of the country. He considers this bequest as expressive of the highest confidence in our institutions and in our character as a people. He is anxious that this confidence should be justified, this trust redeemed. Mr Smithson, an Englishman, connected with its highest aristocracy, wishing to establish an institution for the benefit of mankind, selected us, as the executors of his will, from among all nations, and entrusted us with the means for its accomplishment.

THE RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR FOR 1840. Edited by Mrs L. H. Sigourney.

It is in every respect a beautiful book. Its appearance is beautiful. Its embellishments are beautiful. And its contents are beautiful in expression, in sentiment and thought. We do not like this general commendation. It seems to lack discrimination. But it is about all we can say. The pieces are pleasant, pure and high in their influence. They gratify the taste and the imagination. But there is not one of any remarkable power—of original striking features, for the critic to seize and talk about.

It would be strange if the accomplished editor, assisted by many of our best writers, could not make an agreeable and a good book. So singular an event we have not to record. It is an excellent book. It makes one better to read it—and to be better is to be wiser. It sheds a gentle influence through the soul, fragrant and fresh as from the blest gardens. It touches and quickens the best feelings and the holiest aspirations of our nature. We rejoice therefore in the belief that it will be read by multitudes. The friends of religion do well to send forth such volumes, to win hearts by the beauty of holiness. Grace and piety have been too much kept apart. Passion has triumphed through its fascinations. It is wise therefore to meet the world on its own ground and to resist the evil one with his own, most successful weapons. Nothing should be—nothing is so beautiful as truth. And till its beauty is perceived, it is but feebly and partially apprehended. Let religion rise upon the world in all her proper charms, and she need fear no rivals from other appeals to the affections of men. She takes captive *every* energy, desire, and sentiment of the soul.

We understand that Mr R. C. Waterston, was some months since elected by the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, a minister to the poor in this city, and appointed to the pastoral charge of the Church and Society, worshipping in Pitts Street Chapel. His ordination will take place on Sunday evening next, (the 24th) inst., at Dr Channing's Church, Federal Street. Sermon by Rev. Dr Ware, Jr., Charge by Rev. Dr Channing, Fellowship of the Churches by Rev. Mr Ripley. The services will commence at 7 o'clock.

Rev. F. T. Gray has received an invitation from the Church and Society worshipping in Bulfinch Street, to become colleague Pastor with the Rev. Paul Dean, which he has accepted.

The Installation will take place on Tuesday evening next, (the 26th inst.) at half past 6 o'clock, at the Church. Sermon by Rev. S. K. Lothrop. It is understood that this Church and Society with their Pastor have become associated with the Unitarian denomination.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'HISTORY OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FOR FIFTY YEARS.'

A volume with the above title is, we understand, preparing and soon to be published by Alden Bradford, Esq., of Boston. Such a publication is seasonable, and must be grateful to the reading community. A work of the kind is needed, and will doubtless meet a favorable reception. It is very desirable, and must be useful to the country, that a correct and concise history of the federal government, from its first establishment, should be published by one who holds the pen of a ready writer, and who is well known to the public as a scholar and as an author. Mr Bradford has distinguished himself for his industry and intelligence, and for his literary and useful productions. Few among us are more conversant with civil and ecclesiastical history. He has contributed to the literature and improvement of the age, by delineating the characters of eminent men, and by promoting the spirit of free inquiry and the advancement of moral science. And were the literary and patriotic in the community determined to furnish a history of the federal government from its first establishment, and were they about to select a suitable person to prepare it for publication, Mr Bradford, it is believed, would be a prominent candidate for the appointment. The writer of this article is well assured that the author has been for years collecting materials for the work, and has availed himself of the best authorities to sustain him in his positions and remarks. Under these circumstances, it is hoped he will succeed in this laudable enterprise, and enjoy the satisfaction and benefit of an active and extensive patronage.

DEODATUS.

ERRATA.—In last weeks Register, Article 'Normal School at Lexington,' 1st column, 19th line from bottom, for 'generally,' read, gradually. 2d column, 5th line from top, for 'regulations,' read, reputation. 40th line from top, same column, for 'want of friends,' read, want of funds.

INTELLIGENCE.

Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary.—At the Annual Meeting of the subscribers to the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, held by adjournment at the Institution, in Green street, on Tuesday evening, the 5th inst., the following report was accepted, and voted to be printed:

REPORT.

Whole number of individuals who applied at the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary from Oct. 26, 1838, to Oct. 31, 1839, 666. Number of outdoor Patients, 544. House Patients, 122.

Number of cases of Disease of the Eye. Males 276. Females, 279. Total, 555.

Number of cases of Disease of the Ear. Males. 58. Females, 53. Total, 111.

The result of these cases cannot be accurately ascertained as many of the individuals come from distant places. Most of the severe cases which admitted of a prospect of recovery were treated in the house, the reminder may be considered as having recovered, the treatment of a few, deferred, as for example, cases of Cataract in one eye only, and the remainder dismissed as incurable.

The Surgeons have admitted a larger number into the house, during the last quarter than heretofore, believing that the funds of the Institution would admit of an extension of this charity. It appears that the number of applicants about the same during the past, as in former years. The cases which have been treated have not diminished in interest, either in a professional or philanthropic point of view. It is believed that the Institution has become still more known and respected that heretofore.

The Surgeons take this opportunity to express their obligations to the Assistant Surgeons, for their untiring attention to the out-door patients, and to the patients in the house; and also to the judicious management and prudent conduct of the Superintendant, without whose economical arrangement, so great an amount of benefit could not be bestowed, with so limited an amount of means. We think it may be safely averred that in no way can comfort to the afflicted, and real benefit to the dependent, be so extensively bestowed, with so small an amount of money expended.

Respectfully submitted by

JOHN JEFFRIES,
EDWARD REYNOLDS, JR.

The following is the organization of the present year:

ROBERT G. SHAW, *President.*
J. W. EDMANDS, *Treasurer.*
FRANCIS G. SHAW, *Secretaay*

Managers—Henry Upham, George E. Head, Henry Rice, Henry Edwards, Edward Reynolds, Martin Brimmer, John Jeffries, Moses Grant, S. D. Townsend, Wm. P. Winchester.

The Treasurer's report was accepted, by which it appears that the whole amount paid by him, the past year, was $2,198,94.

Nov. 5. FRANCIS G. SHAW, *Secretary.*

The Times.—The following remarks on the state of the money market are from the New York Express.

Things are becoming more settled and quiet. The Banks are now past all fear of suspension. They have showed themselves to be fully adequate to the emergency, and the public mind is entirely set at rest, as to the matter of continuing specie payments. Confidence is gradually increasing, and as exchanges are quite below par, there is no demand for specie. They are consequently enabled to discount more freely. The business operations of the city have been so limited recently, that there begins to be a want of paper such as is esteemed unexceptionable. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that ere long, there will be a want of first rate paper. The season is rapidly advancing, and the fall trade, except for our own and the adjoining States, is nearly closed. The canal will soon close, and the produce on the way up and down, is hurried forward, so as not to be caught by the ice. The currency on all places South, is as bad as ever, and with little prospect of an amendment. Our trade has consequently been very limited this fall, and the debt from the South to the North, is gradually decreasing. The crop of cotton ought to produce a much more favorable state of things, and we have no doubt will, in a few months. We have two days later intelligence from Europe. The tidings are not of a striking character, but the complexion is in no way favorable. It appears quite certain that all the drafts, post notes and bills of the United States Bank have been honorably provided for, and will be promptly met on the other side. This will be a great relief to the holders and endorsers here.

Missionary House.—The Boston Transcript has condensed from the Missionary Herald, the following description of the Missionary House in Pemberton Square, in this city. The cost of the ground was $8,500; and of the building and fixtures about $14,500, making the whole cost about $23,000. It is 31 feet by 50, exclusive of two rooms extending, in the rear, from the casement, each ten and a half feet by about forty. The apartments on the main floor are occupied by the Treasurer, and by the Secretary having charge of domestic correspondence. On the second floor are the office of the Secretary of foreign correspondence, and an apartment occupied as a depository for letters, periodicals, small packages, &c, which are to be forwarded to the missionaries. These are arranged in separate boxes according to their destination. In the same room all letters written in the Secretary's department are copied by a press. Two other departments on the same floor are occupied by the Secretary of the Indian Missions, who also edits the Missionary Herald. Here are deposited the magazines received in exchange of the Herald, or purchased for the use of the Board. In the rooms of the Treasurer and Secretaries, cases are provided, in which all letters and documents received from the missionaries are preserved to be finally bound, with full indexes for reference. More than 100 volumes have been already bound. In like manner copies of letters written by the various officers are preserved. The number of sheets of manuspript received from the missionaries beyond sea, during the past year, is 1369. From the Indian missions 217. Letters received in the course of the domestic correspondence amount, in the year, to about 1200. On the third floor is a room containing the Library of the board. This now consists of about 1,800 volumes which are: 1. Periodicals. 2. Histories, geographies, books of travels, statistics, &c, to be used in obtaintng information respecting different parts of the world; 3. Miscellaneous books bequeathed by the late Mr Evarts, formerly one of the secretaries. In the Library room are held the weekly meetings of the Prudential Committee. All the proceedings of this committee are carefully recorded. In the rear of the Library rooms is the cabinet, 61 feet by 30. Here are deposited articles of curiosity sent home by the Missionaries; such as pagan idols, implements, dresses, armor, &c, and specimens illustrating the natural history and productions of different countries. On the upper floor are three rooms under the roof, used for storing files of pamphlets. In the basement of the building are accommodations for arranging, packing, and storing articles which are to be shipped for the missionary stations. There are often from twenty to fifty tons, by measurement, of packages for shipment. Under the whole of the main building there is a cellar for storing boxes, &c. The building is well furnished with fire proof apartments for the safe keeping of records.

New Bedford and Taunton Rail Road, Mass.—It is easy enough to build a Rail-road when you know how; but a few years since every undertaking of the kind was a subject of general remark—and the press, from time to time, noted the laudable enterprise, and announced the progress of these works. But the advantages arising from them, and their general utility have been found so great, that at the present day we find them multiplying too rapidly for us to keep the run of them—and our first information of their contemplated existence is frequently derived from the notice that they will be open for travel on a given day. We are led to these remarks by the silent but rapid manner in which a Rail-road is now being constructed from New Bedford to Taunton; thus making a continuous line of rails from the former place to Boston, and bringing the *whalers* within two and a half hours of the latter city. This road was got up without any excitement, or hawking about of the stock. Their own local wealth was amply sufficient for the enterprise, and in their own quiet way they determined that the thing should be done. Having engaged the services of S. S. Lee, Esq. as Engineer, they gave, in June last, the entire construction of the road to those veterans in Rail-road making, Cheesebrough, Hassard & Co., who have promised them the use of the entire road complete, to celebrate the next Fourth of July upon, if they feel so disposed. The dirt is now flying in every direction along the line. The grubbing hoe, the pickaxe and shovel, the wheel-barrow, the cart and rail car, the saw, the hammer and broadaxe, the trowel, the sledge and crow bar—all keep up a constant humming, broken in upon only at intervals by the *whack* of the pile driver, or the *bang* of powder. These men, in building Rail-roads, act no doubt, upon the principle, that 'If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.'—*N. Y. Star.*

Emancipation in Jamaica.—Sir Lionel Smith, the Governor of Jamaica, in his address to the Baptist Missionaries, dated August 23d 1839, says;—'Gentlemen, the first year of general freedom has passed away. What were the forebodings of its enemies? Where are the vagrants?—where the squatters?—where the injuries against properties, or the persons of white men? Out of the 300,000 oppressed slaves, let loose in one day to equal rights and liberty, not a human being of that mass has committed himself in any of those dreaded offences.'

Condition of the Blacks in Barbadoes.—A few days since, we were in company with a gentleman from the island of Barbadoes, and as we have frequent occasion, in noticing arrivals from the British West Indies, to mention the new state of things with reference to labor, we took occasion to question the gentleman as closely upon that subject as we could, with propriety, for when one is determined to set up for an inquisitor, mere propriety seems to have a small share in the regulation of questions. The gentleman was a native of the island, and had continued to reside there from his birth, with those occasional absences which gentlemen of fortune allow themselves and can afford. He had been a slave-holder, and had, in obedience to the law, allowed his slaves to pass through the stage of apprenticeship to freedom. He therefore could judge of the feelings of the master as well as the condition of the heretofore slaves.

He would not on any account have the state of slavery renewed, nor does he believe that there is a respectable man on the island that would wish it.

Formerly, little or no regard was paid to the marriage ceremony, now the blacks are married at church, and their offspring baptized there, as regularly as are the whites.

The blacks are industrious, not only in the discharge of their duty as day laborers, but their little garden lots are cultivated, and present a beautiful appearance.

The population of the island is about 120,000, of which 40,000 are whites, and 80,000 blacks; a very few are mulattoes.

In case of disagreement between the blacks and the whites, recourse is had to the magis trate, and if his decision is not satisfactory, an appeal is taken to a court composed of three gentlemen, who have no direct interest in the island.

Each family of blacks is provided with a neat frame house, with about one-quarter of an acre of ground, and daily wages about 25 cents. So satisfied are the blacks with their condition, that when labor was in high demand at guiana, and agents were sent to Barbadoes to hire the blacks, they generally refused to go at an advanced price.

The children do not now labor, but regularly attend schools, and religious instruction is given by clergymen of the Established and Methodist churches. There are Catholic churches, but none of the colored inhabitants are of that faith.

Our inquiries were particularly instituted with a reference to the argument derived from the state of the Barbadoes blacks, in favor of emancipation in this country. From what we could learn of our informant, which tallied exactly with other information, we come to the conclusion that in Barbadoes the experiment of emancipation has been entirely successful. But it does not follow from *that* circumstance, considered alone, that emancipation would work equally as well in this country. We do not oppose or advocate any measure, nor do we mean to express an opinion *for* or against slavery, especially or in abstract. The question is simply how far the state of affairs in Barbadoes correspond with those in the slaveholding portions of the United States. The greatest objection made to emancipation, is the wrong which it inflicts upon the master—in Barbadoes the master is satisfied with the result, and the freedman deports himself like a man. But in Barbadoes we apprehend there is a state of feeling different from what exists in this country. Many blacks had been freed among them, and had acquired stations of consequence; some of them magistrates, and throughout the Island the English feeling towards the blacks prevailed, rather than the American, so that fewer predjudices were violated, when the freedman took a position that any acute white man might have reached.—*United States Gazette.*

The Mexican traders who arrived at New Orleans last spring to purchase dry goods for the market at Chihuahua, carried with them 250,000 dollars worth of merchandize. They went by steamboat up to the Raft on the Red River, where they disembarked, and by the aid of 500 mules and 80 men, transported their property round the raft to the river, and then embarked in the steamboat Mariner, which was locked in above the raft when it formed, and proceeded 300 miles further up the river. Their course was then to be in a southwest direction for 1000 miles to their destination, over prairies affording fine pasture. The mines of Chihuahua are said to yield two millions of dollars in gold and silver annually, which, if the trade is properly encouraged, will find its way to New Orleans.—*Nat. Gaz.*

Ruins in Central America.—The remains of the city of Palenque, in Guatemala, give indications that its population, in the days of its greatness, could not have been less than two millions. The ruins extend for the distance of about twenty miles, and consist of bridges, aqueducts, palaces, temples, &c. all of stone. What is singular, these wonderful remnants of remote antiquity were unknown to Europeans until the year 1750, when they were discovered by some Spaniards; and what is more singular still, they have been visited by few persons since. A London paper, in 1831, contained a letter from a Spanish commandant of an adjoining district, which gave an account of his investigations. The ruins, according to him, abound in figures of men and animals, in relief, some of colossal size, together with paintings, and what he conceived to be characters representing sounds, or a phonetic alphabet, of which no traces have been elsewhere found in America.

If we mistake not, a later account has been published by some French *savans*, who visited the spot, and prepared a complete sketch of the ruins, with plates. We may, however, look shortly for something entirely satisfactory on this interesting subject, so far as any thing in the way of description can be satisfactory, in the absence of actual inspection. Mr. Stevens, the oriental traveler, whose graphic sketches and manly style have entranced thousands to follow him in his Eastern incidents and adventures, is about to embark for Gautemala, accompanied by Mr. Catherwood, the celebrated traveler and artist. We shall doubtless have the whole scene set forth both by the pen and by the pencil, in a manner worthy of the subject. Of the race of men that built this once stupendous metropolis—who filled its streets with bustle, and pursued the avocations of life, within its walls, nothing now is known, except what these imperfect ruins may indicate. What were their modes of government, their habits and manners, their language their history—no one can tell. The dwellers upon the soil, whom the Spaniards found there, soon after the discovery of America, knew nothing of them, even by tradition. When did they live? What wide-sweeping destruction has removed the whole race from the surface of the earth? Perhaps they were the contemporaries of the mammoth—a giant brood—the primeval occupants of this mighty continent—in size and majestic stature suited to the natural grandeur of their home. It is said that forest trees have been taken from amid the ruins of Palenque, whose concentric circles indicate a growth of one thousand years. Yet these trees never waved over the living city.

We call ourselves the inhabitants of a *new* country. This is the *New World*, according to modern phraseology; yet it may be that we are every day treading upon a soil composed of elements which were once quickened with human life. Our cities may be built of materials which once composed temples and towers. The coal which gives warmth and comfort to our evening fire sides is marked with the impressions of leaves and twigs which may have overshaded the repose of lovers, or sheltered the weary hunter from the sun, at a time when Achilles poised the spear from his war chariot on the plains of Troy.

We hope that every facility which it is in the power of our government to furnish will be granted to Mr. Stevens and his associate, for the accomplishment of a complete investigation. Every thing that can be known on the subject of their researches will be interesting. The remains of Eastern cities have drawn the attention of traveler after traveler—fragments and columns have been measured and sketched—we have had books and drawings in abundance. But here is a new field—new to most of us; and, what concerns us particularly, it is upon our own continent. Every thing connected with the early history of America, its former inhabitants, their character and works, must be of interest to the present possessors of a soil which has known other masters.—*Baltimore American.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Enoch H. Wakefield, of the firm of Wakefield & Co. to Miss Caroline H., daughter of J. Kingsbury, Esq.

In this city, Capt. Thomas Cunningham, to Miss Maria Caroline Ingalls.

In this city, Mr Mason W. Morse, to Miss Abby P. G. Priest.

In this city, Mr Henry Cabot, to Miss Catharine Janet, daughter of Mr George Robinson.

In this city, Mr Jonathan Pierce to Miss Salome Gorham.

In Roxbury, Mr George Platt, of New York, to Miss Mary Catharine, daughter of James Russell, Esq.

In Charlestown, Mr George Walden, to Miss Sally Ann Bartlett.

In New York city, 19th inst, Hon. Luther Bradish, Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York, to Miss Mary E. Hart, of New York city.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Jerusha Palmer, relict of the late Capt. Joseph Palmer, 70.

In this city, on Sunday evening, Mrs Hannah, widow of the late Mr Tilly Brigham, 71.

In Malden, suddenly, on the 16th inst., Charles Holmes, Jr., 27.

In Portland, 14th inst., Capt. Joel Milliken, a soldier of the revolution, 79.

In Inlet Grove, Ill., Sept. 30, Mrs Elizabeth H., wife of Mr Lewis Clapp, formerly of Northampton, Mass.

In Quebec, Nov. 12, Hon. Jonathan Sewall, L. L. D., late Chief Justice of the Province, a native of Boston, 73.

TO SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.—The following works published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. viz

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do do Fables.
do do Questions.
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nov 23

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English 4to Bible, morocco, extra gilt—Pica, royal octavo, do do do do—Brevier Bible, Demy, 8vo do—Minion do Crown, 8vo, with references, extra gilt—Ruby do 24mo with flexible back—Pearl do do do do do and clasps—Minion do do do do do morocco, extra gilt—English Testaments, medium 8vo, extra gilt.
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'This is a little volume on one of the most interesting and important of all subjects—recognition and reunion in another world, and there is no work to our knowledge, so well fitted for common use and free distribution as this.—Chr. Examiner.
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nov 16 1stf

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS, for November.
Contents.
Amusements, Reason and Revelation, David Ellington's Subscription, American Slavery as it is, The Duty and Responsibility of Speech.
Notices of Books.
Future Life of the Good, Jonas's Stories, Rollo's Experiments, Man, in his Physical Structure and Adaptation, The Well Bred Boy, The Sacred Offering, The Life and Times of Luther.
Intelligence.
Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, Preachers for the West, Normand Smith.
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AIDS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.
BARNES'S Notes on the Gospels, Acts, Romans and Corinthians—Dabney's Annotations on the New Testament—Bradford's Notes on the Gospels—Ripley's Notes on the Gospels—The Last Days of the Saviour, or History of the Lord's Passions, from the German of Olshausen—Locke on the Epistles—Carpenter's Harmony of the Gospels, founded upon the most ancient opinions respecting the duration of our Saviour's ministry, with notes and maps—Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem—Stephens's Egypt, Arabia Petrea and Holy Land—Evidences and Spirit of Christianity—a new translation of the Hebrew Prophets, arranged in chronological order—also, a new translation of the book of Job, with an introduction and notes, chiefly explanatory, by Geo. R. Noyes—three weeks in Palestine and Lebanon—Biography of distinguished Reformers, and History of the Reformation in the sixteenth century—Ware's Sunday Library, containing Life of the Saviour, Life of Howard, and Sketch of the Reformation—The Holy Land and its Inhabitants—a few copies of Mrs Rowson's Biblical Dialogues between a father and his family, comprising sacred history from the Creation to the Death of our Saviour Christ—Malcom's Bible Dictionary—Robinson's Bible Dictionary—Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge—Contemplations of the Saviour—Muzzey's Sunday School Guide—small maps of Palestine. For sale by SIMPKINS, 21 Trement Row. n23

PRIVATE SCHOOL IN CHELSEA.
THE subscriber has the pleasure of informing his friends and the public that the Fall quarter of his school will commence on Monday 8 October.
He receives pupils of both sexes whom he is ready to instruct in the ancient and modern languages as well as the various branches of an English education.
A few more lads can be accommodated with board in his own family. He is permitted to refer to Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, Rev. Dr Parkman, Benj. Shurtleff, M. D.
HORATIO ALGER.
sept 14

PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL.
THOSE parents, who wish to give their children a thorough English Education, where they may escape the evils incident to city schools, are respectfully informed that Mr C. A CUMMINGS will take a few more pupils into his private boarding Academy at Quiney, Mass., if early application be made.
Refer to Rev. Messrs Whitney and Lunt, pastors of the Unitarian Church Quincy.
TERMS.—Board and Tuition $25 00 per quarter.
june 8 eop6mo

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.
Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.
The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.
The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.
Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, { Winter or Spring, 50 } in
{ Summer or Fall, 45 } advnce.
Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.
Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.
Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.
Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.
Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.
Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.
The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches.
Miss Young, teacher of Music, and two assistant teachers, reside in the family of the Principal.
A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.
A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.
D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Aug. 10th, 1838. n 24

CHURCH LAMPS, COMMUNION WARE &c.
THE subscribers offer for sale at their Warehouse a general assortment of Church Lamps, consisting of Chandeliers of all sizes, Hanging Astral and Brackett Lamps for the Gallery, Wall or Organ and Pulpit Lamps, &c. Lamps of every description manufactured to order at short notice. Communion Services, of different sizes.
Also, a complete assortment of House-furnishing articles—Lamps, Silver and Plated Wares, Clocks, Trays, Cutlery, &c, all of which will be sold on low terms.
HARRIS & STANWOOD,
n9 3m 29 Tremont Row, opp. Savings Bank.

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.
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500 Cords Nova Scotia Wood.
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100 Chaldon Scotch Coal, a superior article for Grates or Smith use.
For sale by MOSES FRENCH, JR.
Main Wharf Broad Street,
near the bottom of Summer Street.
sep 7 3m

THE MISSES HUNT,
FEMALE PHYSICIANS,
No. 32 Green street, nearly opposite the head of Leveret street, Boston,
GRATEFUL for the extensive patronage they have received, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies, that they still continue to attend to their profession.
Hours for seeing patients from 9 till 5. 1y n9

FAMILY OIL STORE.
THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the Public, that he has added to his Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which he will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And he will send it to all parts of the city free of expense.
HENRY CLAPP, JR.
sep 7

PURE SPERM OIL.
E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.
Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

POETRY.

(From the Token for 1840.)

TYRE.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

'It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God. I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease, and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard.' —*Ezekiel* xxvi. 5. 13.

FIVE hundred years before the birth of Christ,
On Chebar's banks the holy prophet stood;
He was a man of God, and his great soul
Pondered the fate of nations. Now his eye
Pierced the dim Future, and before him shone,
Far down the course of time, things yet to be.

* * * * *

Silence was resting on the minarets
Of the imperial city. The clear ray
Of the up-risen sun was silvering o'er
The gilded turrets of her thousand domes,
And snow-white marble of her palaces;
But, to the Prophet's eye, her walls were rent,
And her proud temples shattered, e'en the soil,
Where lay her deep foundations, now was spread
Bare as the naked rock; then rose the Seer,
And, to the gathered multitude around,
Poured forth prophetic warning.

'Thy marble palaces arise
In dreamlike beauty to the skies;
Thy pillared temples, reared of old,
Gleam in the light, like burnished gold;
But soon the world shall read thy doom,
And thy proud city stand in gloom!

'Thy battlements, with frown sublime,
Seem to defy the power of time;
But soon their iron strength shall rust,
And all their bulwarks fall in dust;
While the wild waves shall round thee roar,
And nets be spread upon thy shore!

'Helmet and lance, and mace and spear,
On all thy massy walls appear;
Thy gates are thronged with warriors brave;
A thousand banners o'er thee wave;
But all shall sink beneath God's ire,
As flax before consuming fire!

'Thy merchants come o'er every sea,
Laden with gold and ivory;
Embroidered sails they each unfurl,
And plough the seas with freights of pearl;
But soon their treasures will have passed,
Like leaves before the howling blast!

'A shout of joy rings through thy skies,
As from the bowers of Paradise;
Now warbling echoes float along,
With silver flute and choral song;
But soon shall cease each joyous sound,
And Desolation reign around!

'Thus speaks to thee the living God:
"Thy feet the ways of death have trod;
Glorious without, but foul within,
Thy children eat the bread of sin;
Thus Ruin o'er their guilty path
Shall pour the vials of her wrath!"'

The Prophet paused, and in his mantle folds
Mournfully bowed his head. Ages went by;—
Then rang the shout of war, the tramp of steeds
Burst through the valleys. Chariots of brass
Rushed madly on, with horsmen clad in steel;
Before their shock the brazen gates gave way,
Temples and city walls shook with the crash,
Sharp arrows fell like hail, swords devoured flesh,
While battle-axe and spear were drunk with blood;
Crackling in flames sank tower and citadel,
While, wildly streaming 'mid the fearful blaze,
Waved Death's black banner!

Centuries have flown;
And now the lonely fisher spreads his nets
On these deserted shores. Here the sea-bird
Builds her rude nest, and through the sultry day,
With her shrill scream, startles the solitude.

CHARITY THE LIFE OF FAITH.

BY KEBLE.

The clouds that wrap the setting sun
When autumn's softest gleams are ending,
Where all bright hues together run
In sweet confusion blending;—
Why, as we watch their floating wreath,
Seem they the breath of life to breathe?
To fancy's eye their motions prove
They mantle round the Sun for love.

When up some woodland dale we catch
The many-twinkling smile of ocean,
Or with pleased ear bewildered watch
His chime of restless motion;
Still as the surging waves retire,
They seem to gasp with strong desire,
Such signs of love old Ocean gives,
We cannot choose but think he lives.

Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn;
Love is life's only sign.
The spring of the regenerate heart,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embraced, as God adored.

But he whose heart will bound to mark
The full bright burst of summer morn,
Loves, too, each little dewy spark
By leaf or flow'ret worn;
Cheap forms, and common hues, 'tis true,
Through the bright shower-drop meet his view;
The colorings may be of this earth;
The lustre comes of heavenly birth.

Even so, who loves the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find;
All will be precious in his sight,
Since Christ on all hath shined;
But chiefly Christian souls; for they,
Though worn and soiled with sinful clay,
Are yet, to eyes that see them true,
All glistening with baptismal dew.

Then marvel not, if such as bask
In purest light of innocence,
Hope against hope, in love's dear task,
Spite of all dark offence.
If they who hate the trespass most,
Yet, when all other love is lost,
Love the poor sinner, marvel not;
Christ's mark outwears the rankest blot.

No distance breaks the tie of blood;
Brothers are brothers evermore;
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,
That magic may o'erpower;
Oh, ere the common source be known,
The kindred drops will claim their own,
And throbbing pulses silently
Move heart towards heart by sympathy.

So is it with true Christian hearts;
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
An everlasting bond imparts
Of holiest brotherhood.
Oh, might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive, do good and love,
By soft endearments in kind strife
Lightening the load of daily life!

There is much need; for not as yet
Are we in shelter or repose,
The holy house is still beset
With leagues of sternest foes;
Wild thoughts within, bad men without,
All evil spirits round about,
Are banded in unblest device,
To spoil Love's earthly paradise.

Then draw we nearer day by day,
Each to his brethren, all to God;
Let the world take us as she may,
We must not change our road;
Not wondering, though in grief, to find
The martyr's foe still keep her mind;
But fixed to hold Love's banner fast,
And by submission win at last.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the New York American.)

GRAHAME'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

It may be in the recollection of many of our readers, that in one of the letters of our Paris correspondent last spring, an unbecoming attack by Mr Bancroft, in his History of the United States, on the veracity of Mr Grahame, was earnestly, but tenderly reprehended.

Since then, as would seem from the annexed letter, this attack has been followed up by a yet more indecent vindication of its truth in some Eastern papers, and we therefore feel it to be due, not less to the cause of truth, than to the dignity of letters, which are degraded by such illiberality—to publish, with the expression of our entire conviction of its accuracy, and commendation of its tone, the following letter from Mr Grahame.

We may add, that having ourselves read with instruction and gratitude, the History of the United States, by Mr Grahame, we the more lament, that a native of a land to which a foreign historian has done such ample justice, and whose history, exploits, and institutions, he has treated with such enthusiastic, yet disciplined skill and admiration, should have selected that historian as a mark for an assault, as illiberal, as we believe it to be unfounded.

NANTES, (FRANCE,) 7th Sept. 1839.

To the Editor of the New York American:

Sir—A very flattering notice, (proceeding, I have reason to believe, from one of the most distinguished writers that America has ever produced,) in the which I was honored in your pages some time ago, has called forth certain strictures on me, of a very different complexion, from the 'Boston Morning Post,' subsequently reproduced in the 'Providence Daily Journal,' of which a copy has just reached my hands.—May I beg the favor of your assistance to make public the few observations I have to submit on this disagreeable matter? My eyesight is so much impaired, that I write with great difficulty. Yet, I hope to make myself intelligible.

In my Historical Work, guided by authority on which I relied, I have charged Dr Clarke, the Agent for Rhode Island, at the Court of Charles the II, in 1662, with an act of baseness in the conduct of his agency. Your distinguished countryman, Mr Bancroft, in the 2d volume of his Historical Work, has designated this charge as 'Grahame's own invention.' I have denied the justice of this imputation; protesting that I may have been deceived, but most certainly have not invented. The Boston Post defends, against me, both the conduct of Clarke and the language of Bancroft. The first of these topics is foreign to my present consideration. In the next edition of my work, (if it reach another edition,) I hope to lessen the displeasure I have inspired in the admirers of that excellent and estimable man, Dr Clarke.

I have blamed Mr Bancroft for imputing that to my own invention, which, whether judiciously or not, I have related on the authority of prior testimony, in the which he might easily have made himself acquainted, and which (cited as it was by me) he ought to have examined, before he reproached me with preferring an unsupported and fictitious charge. But the Boston journalist has gone a step farther, and declared, that, after examining all the authorities I have consulted, he finds that they not only fail to support my charge against Clarke, but fully support Mr Bancroft's charge, against myself. To a writer who deliberately publishes such a statement, I have nothing to say, but that I regret that any man, much more that an American, should be its author. My regret must be increased, if it be true, as I am assured by one who ought to know, that Mr Bancroft is himself the author of an article so laudatory of himself, and so censorious of me.

But, to any impartial man in America, who takes an interest in this controversy, I would suggest, that for the obnoxious passage in my work, and some correlative matter, there are but two authorities cited,—and these, well known and easily accessible—Chalmers and Hazard; and that, if he will examine these authorities, he will be in case to pronounce whether I have invented a new charge, or merely repeated an old one.

This is the first time I have ever publicly noticed any attack, (though I have sustained some very unjust and very insulting ones,) to which the publication of my American History has exposed me: and it shall be the last.

It is said that your countrymen have invented some new words, and also some new meaning of old words. He must have invented a new meaning of the word *invention*, who affects to regard it as otherwise than injuriously applied to the statement of an historian.

Mr Bancroft may be much better fitted than I am to give the literary lustre they deserve, to the annals of America: and eagerly have I desired that the noblest wreath for her brows should be woven by the hands of one of her own sons. But not even to Mr Bancroft will I yield in point of admiration of America, and good-will for Americans. It is, I think, a proof of the depth and sincerity of these sentiments, that I have never failed to note and condemn what appeared to me a faulty passage in American history.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JAMES GRAHAME.

CONFESSION OF A VICTIM.

The following tale was written for the editor of the OLD DOMINION, by one of the most highly gifted poets in America.

I am the only son of respectable and wealthy parents. Early in life I entered into a mercantile house in New York, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the business, preparatory to commencing, on my own responsibility, a mercantile career. At this time I was eighteen, and had but recently returned from my academic studies at New Haven. My person, at that early period, was good; my mind polished by education, and my manners if not graceful, were easy. I was glad of heart and ambitious of distinction—eager for the reputation of integrity, and an enthusiast in my admiration of genius. My associates were reputable and the sons of gentlemen; the prospect before me was excellent, and my life glided onward like a placid stream.

It was within a few weeks of my nineteenth birth day, that I became acquainted with Amelia Montfort. She was a being of perfect virtue, of trancendant beauty, and of uncommon mind—had an eye for the beauties of nature, and a soul for the spell of poesy.—She was three years my junior; her beauty rather in the blossom than the bud, and her intellect more remarkable for its gift of imagination than for its power. She had mingled little in society—knew less of the heartlessness of mankind—and her heart was the temple of enthusiastic and ardent, but of hallowed feelings.

For myself, I had mingled much in female society; had pressed many 'a thin red lip,' and bowed before many a rich dark eye. But Amelia was a glad creature, a 'girl in gentleness,' and 'a high souled woman' in dignity; and when she elicited admiration, it was ever blended with esteem. Mingled in her temperament, also, there was a tinge of romance—it was the romance rather of devoted feeling than of affected sentiment; and even when her affections were hoarded up in the sanctuary of her own pure bosom, she acknowledged their burning intensity, and confessed the idolatry which would mingle in her love. In brief, Amelia became the beau ideal of my fancy, and ere I knew her many months, I was her worshipper.

My thoughts were all bound up in the frenzy of my feelings—affection had imparted to my character a new tinge, and to my habits another current. In my communings with that being, I was supremely happy. There was enchantment in the very atmosphere she breathed—my dreams caught their delirious raptures from her memory, and my waking thoughts dwelt constantly upon Amelia. She was worthy of all my regard—worthy of all my devotion—and every hour seemed to unfold some estimable trait in her character.

When I was twenty years of age we were married. My father relinquished his business in my favor, and life glided on for another year, all sunshine and happiness.

By this time, I had gone out more frequently to mingle with the world; became interested in politics, and thirsted for power. I was engaged in a lucrative mercantile career—my family was influential, and my aid readily accepted, if not courted, by the wily and perfidious minions of office. Gradually, I became deeply interested in political warfare—gradually, I forgot the spell of my wife's virtue and affections; and gradually, there was delirium and joy in the wine cup, and I became one of the votaries of Bacchus.

I cannot portray how insidiously the charm wove into my senses and frittered away my faculties. It now seems as a terrible and impossible dream—but the horrors of that dream are imprinted with fire upon my brain. The agonies of my remorse have been as serpents gnawing the tenderest vitals of my existence. I gaze back upon the past, and would fain blot its unhallowed moments from the page of my being.

But to continue. With 'stealthy step and slow,' I became the victim of intemperance—neglected my business, and was a bankrupt—was at first pointed at and pitied by my friends and relatives, and at last shunned and despised as a disgrace and a dishonor.

It was many months before my wife could bring herself to the conviction that I was a drunkard. I that had come to her in her youth and beauty—I that had called forth and broken up the deepest recesses of her soul! I that was applauded for my integrity—honored for my virtue—and emulated for my character! how could *she* deem me a drunkard—a loathed contemptible sot—a disgrace to my name, and a disgrace to humanity!—She closed her eyes for a weary period upon a truth so horrible, and endeavored to shut out from her senses and her understanding, the blackness of my guilt! Oh, God! how that being clung to, and worshipped me even amid the abject contumely of my degradation. How she clung amid the wretchedness of her despair to the hope that I might yet be retrieved. How she wept, and persuaded, and endeavored to fascinate me back to my domestic enjoyments, and to keep me, even for one night, from the dens of iniquity and the revelry of crime!

How she 'threw her white arms around me,' and besought me, with earnest looks and pure carresses, to remember my early vows—to remember my own happiness; her peace of mind, and my father's cares for the sake of his only child. Oh, my God! how impossible it now seems, that I could have steeled my heart against such persuasions—how impossible it seems that I could have gone forth after such a scene as this, and bathed my senses, like a brute, in the debasing influence of intoxication. Would to heaven that I could live over again my young life. Would that again I might hear the glad voice of my Amelia, and bask in the innocent smiles of her affection! Would I could call up the shade of my murdered sire, and weep away my shame and anguish in tears of blood! But in vain now is the agony of my remorse; in vain do I repent of early error, and invoke the past hours.

It was probably three years after my marriage that I became a bankrupt—the progress of my debasement from that period was rapid. I gave myself completely up to intemperance. The intoxicating draught operated upon my mind, like some bewildering spell of infatuation. I was unable to turn away from the tide of ignominy which was hurrying me to the vortex of destruction. My mind though it did not actually decay, seemed somewhat affected with my body. My affections were benumbed and torpid, and the sympathies of my bosom held affinity with nothing but drink.

Amid the most abject poverty, my wife shared my destiny. Bloated and distorted as were my features, she still imagined she saw in it traces of my early condition. And when, in some fitful moment of remorse and sanity, I professed repentance—when, for a moment I told her that my affection for her still lived—Oh, God! what a flush of joy overspread the features of my poor Amelia; what a thrill of rapture seemed tingling through her veins, as she still hoped to save me.

Then she would tell me over all my prospects of retrieving my fortune; that I was yet young; that my father would receive me back into his confidence; that she would love and cherish me: and then, for a moment, melted and overcome, I would promise her to reform. But I could not. The curse was upon me, and in vain I endeavored to shake it off.

At last, my poor wife grew sick, she bore up for a long season under her sufferings, but finally her heart broke and she died.

* * * * * * *

I had humanity enough left to know the extent of the evil I had inflicted—but in the horrors of the moment I had but one resource—the bowl; the accursed bowl. Again and again I sipped of its deep damnation.

A little longer, and I was a spectacle disgusting to the philanthropist. A beggar and a drunkard. I wandered through the streets of my native city, an object of contempt and shame.—My father spurned me from his door—but alas! the old man was but a little while for this world. My infamous career soon bore his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. He bequeathed his fortune to a distant relative.

At the time of his death I was a tenant of the alms house, being a victim of *mania a potu*, and a maniac.

For a long time I struggled with death, but I was yet young, and I finally recovered. My form was now emaciated, and my countenance ghastly.

My mind had somewhat recovered its former capacity, but as my reason floated back, what horrid images mingled among my memories. I was the murderer of my wife—and my father's dying groans and malediction, seemed like an eternal knell in my ears.

I have toiled through twenty years more—have lived a life of the most appalling sufferings and misery; and now whilst I totter on the brink of eternity, I am still a drunkard!—I have hesitated often as to launching myself into another world, but resolved to bear the agony of my reflections, and the horrors of my condition, as an atonement for my crimes.

I am a murderer! I feel as I linger on the confines of this world, that I have murdered the wife of my bosom! But ah! have I not suffered for my iniquities? Have I not by living in misery and degradation, and in infamy, suffered more than a thousand deaths?—Forgive, I beseech thee, O God, in this my last and mortal hour of anguish. Forgive me, sainted spirit of my injured wife, and hallowed shadow of my murdered father. Angels of heaven, I pray ye forgive me! And ere I die, oh youth! whilst my soul is yet lingering in its mortal tenement, shun, oh shun, I beseech you, the intoxicating bowl.

NEW PLAN FOR AFRICAN COLONIZATION.—A letter from Mr Fowell Buxton has just been received by a gentleman in this city, stating that a highly respectable meeting had been held in London, at which the Bishop of London presided, for the purpose of raising funds for the establishment of English colonies on the banks of the Niger. Considerable collections were made for the purpose, and the first band of colonists had already been engaged, and were to go out immediately.

Professor Bache, of the University of Pennsylvania, the appointed president of Girard College, has a salary of $4,000 besides a residence. He has spent nearly two years in Europe, visiting all the colleges, schools, and orphan houses of any note, and making arrangements for the purchase of a library, and apparatus.

The buildings of the College are advancing with all the rapidity that is compatible with security, and will probably be finished in three years from this time. Four marble dwelling-houses, for the president and teachers, are already finished, and a corresponding range of sleeping and eating departments for the children, is ready to be occupied. The walls of the main edifice are completed. The entire area is to be surrounded by a wall, which will be nearly a mile in extent.

The Girard estates, after the payment of all the legacies, are estimated at $6,500,000; two millions to be devoted to the erection and maintenance of the Orphan College, and the interest of four millions to be appropriated to the same object as far as may be required.

NEW MODE OF RESUSCITATION FROM DROWNING.—At the annual meeting of the Bristol Humane Society, on Tuesday, the Society's silver medal was presented to Dr Fairbrother, of Clifton, for his exertions in recovering a boy who had been under the water, in the floating harbor, a quarter of an hour, and another quarter of an hour elapsed before the doctor could operate upon the body. The most remarkable feature in this case is the new mode by which Dr Fairbrother succeeded in his laudable object; namely, by closing the boy's mouth with his finger, sucking off the foul air from the lungs through the nostrils, and prompting respiration by pressing on the abdominal muscles on the sides. The usual method is to inflate the lungs, but it is very seldom that persons are recovered by this method, if they have been longer than a few minutes under the water.—*Worcester (Eng.) Journal.*

A monument of the late Sir Walter Scott raised by subscription, was erected at Selkirk, on the 15th ult. the poet's birthday. The statue is seven feet and a half high, and a striking likeness. Sir Walter, who was sheriff of the county for 32 years, is in the costume of the sheriff, with a roll of papers in his left hand, his right hand resting on his trusty staff.

THE COMPASSIONATE MERCHANT.

'James,' said a merchant on Main street to his clerk the other morning, 'go down to Water street to Mr ——'s and tell him his rent must be paid to-day; I can't wait any longer, as he's already two quarters in arrear.'

The clerk obeyed the direction, and soon returned with great appearance of mildness about his eyes. 'Mr —— wants to see you sir, about the rent very much.'

The merchant happily was at leisure, and went at once to visit the tenant. He found him extended upon a coarse bed in an insensible state of a dangerous malady. His wife was busy over a scanty fire, apparently preparing some aliment for her sick husband. Three little children sat shivering in a corner. His approach was unnoticed.

'Ma,' said one of the little urchins, 'when be you going to get breakfast?'

'Breakfast! my dear child, that is more than I can tell.'

The merchant advanced.

'My good woman—my good woman—them—that is'—and the worthy man felt very much like choking. He grasped his pocket book convulsively, and laid some bills upon the table—he opened the door and disappeared.

'James,' said he again to his clerk, 'take this order to Mr ——, and tell him to have the provisions delivered immediately.'

The merchant felt much better than he would have done if he had got his rent. There is something in a good action that makes one's heart feel lighter—warmer—better. We would publish the good man's name, but we know he would dislike it, and we could not for all the world offend him.—*Buffalo paper.*

MRS HALE'S GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.—*Two Thousand Copies* of this new work have been sold in little more than a month, and the new edition is now in press, and will be out in about two weeks. It needs no other notice than the facts of this rapid sale, and also that more than one-fourth of the new issue of 2000 are ordered. A few extracts from press notices are added.

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